

**T H E C A X T O N
S H A K E S P E A R E
I N T W E N T Y • V O L U M E S**

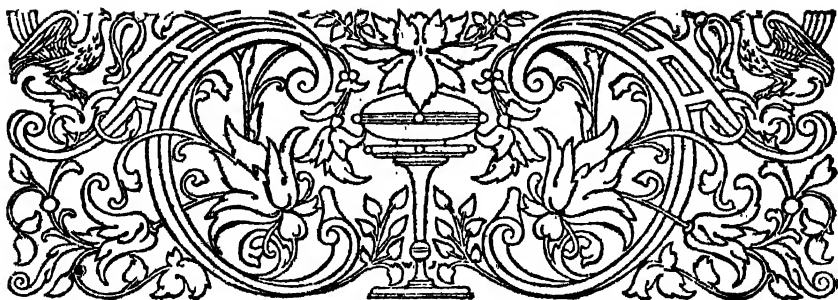
**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
AS YOU LIKE IT**

VOLUME V

The annotations at the foot of the page are intended to explain difficult phrases or allusions. Single words, which are no longer in common use, appear only in the glossary, which is printed in Volume XX.

The numbering of the lines follows that of the Cambridge Edition, the text of which is used in this edition.





THE CAXTON EDITION OF
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIDNEY LEE

VOLUME V

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
AS YOU LIKE IT

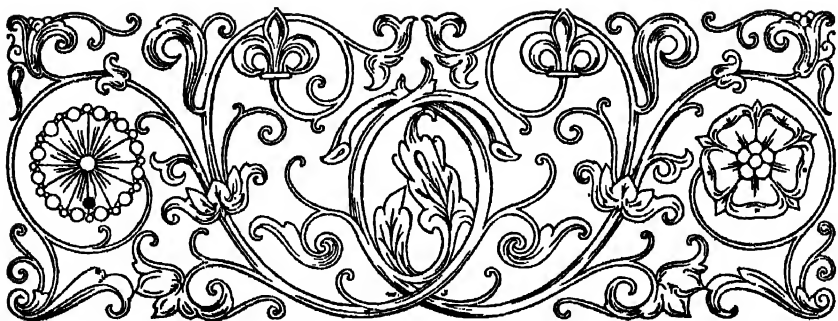


CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
CLUN HOUSE SURREY STREET LONDON W.C.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

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INTRODUCTION



WRITING in 1640, a full generation after its first appearance on the stage, Leonard Digges bears witness to the long continued popularity of "Much Ado About Nothing" in these words:—

"Let but Beatrice
And Benedicte be seene, loe in a trice
The Cock-pit, Galleries, Boxes all are
full."

The succeeding twenty years had other matters in hand than the seeing of plays, and this brilliant comedy would have given mortal offence to Puritan sensibilities and convictions. It fared hardly better at the hands of the theatre-loving public of the age of the Restoration. It was as brilliant as Congreve's "The Way of the World," which registers the high-water mark of the playwright's art in that gay, pleasure-loving period, and in play of wit it outshines

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Congreve's masterpiece ; but taste had changed, the play of intrigue had come in, a fuller and freer social life had put fresh and highly entertaining material in the dramatists' hands, and nothing saved "Much Ado About Nothing" from the fate which overtook most of the earlier comedies save one of those surgical operations so often performed by the skilful stage mechanics of the later 'seventeenth and of the eighteenth century, in the vain endeavour to make over a work of genius to the pattern beloved by a more artificial age. Sir W. Davenant combined the play with "Measure for Measure" in "The Law Against Lovers," and a contemporary writer expressed the optimistic opinion that the two had "wit enough in them to make one good play."

Modern readers and playgoers have not been slow to feel the extraordinary interest of this comedy of wit and to recognise its peculiarly happy expression of the mind of Shakespeare in his most prosperous period, — the brief and brilliant years between his apprenticeship and his resolute grappling with the most appalling problems of character and experience, which bore fruit in the tragedies.

"Much Ado About Nothing" was entered in the "Stationers' Register" with "As You Like It," "Henry the Fifth," and "Every Man in His Humour" on the fourth day of August, 1600. In the same year the play was published in the only Quarto Edition, with this record on the title-page: "Much Ado About | Nothing. | *As it hath been sundries times publikely* | acted by the right honourable, the Lord | Chamberlain his servants. |

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Written by William Shakespeare. | London | Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and | William Ashley. | 1600."

The records of the title-page and of the "Stationers' Register" furnish all the knowledge we possess regarding the date of the play. That it had been played before it was printed is evidenced not only by the statement on the title-page of the Quarto, but by its publication in that form. The Quarto publications, being surreptitious, followed public interest; they did not "create a market" for the plays; they made use of a market already created. The Quarto of "Much Ado About Nothing" has what Dr. Furness has happily called "a tidy little mystery of its own," which need not be discussed here; it is, however, a part of the record of the play that there is but one Quarto Edition and that the editors of the Folio Edition reprinted the text with only a few omissions and unimportant changes. No lines are to be found in the Folio which are not found in the Quarto. Mr. Dyce is of opinion that when the Folio differs from the Quarto it is mostly "for the worse," and Dr. Furness suggests that the copy of the Quarto which Heminge and Condell had before them in preparing the text of the Folio had been used as a prompt-book and contained fuller stage directions than appeared in the original form of the play.

There is no decisive evidence touching the exact date of the writing of the play, and the attempts to identify Beatrice's reference to "musty victuals" in the opening scene with the complaints of bad provisions furnished by contractors in the campaign of the Earl of Essex in Ireland in 1599, to trace a connection between the reference

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by the Watch to one "deformed, a vile thief this seven years" and "Amorphus, or the Deformed," who appears in Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," to discover in the lines

"like favourites

Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it,"

a thrust at Essex, whose failure in Ireland had been followed by loss of the royal favour and imprisonment, are more ingenious than convincing.

The date of the entry of the play and of its publication, and its affinities of mood and manner with "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night," make it practically certain that it belongs to the group of comedies produced about 1599 and 1600, when Shakespeare's spirit was most buoyant and his genius most unshadowed. He had served his apprenticeship in dealing with the earlier historical plays and given unmistakable evidence of his mastery of his art in "Henry V," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Midsummer Night's Dream"; the period of the tragedies was rapidly approaching, and there is evidence that the problems presented in "Hamlet" were already haunting his imagination; but between the period of his training and that of his greatest achievement there came a few years of serene and joyful fertility, when all the elements of his character and conditions were harmonious, and his creative genius worked freely and apparently without conscious effort in a world happily in tune with his spirit. In this golden weather, which sometimes lingers long

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even in the most poetic careers and which often visits poets of Shakespeare's health of mind and soul, some of the finest fruit of the genius of comedy ripened and was gathered for the joy of all coming time. In the whole range of comedy there is no play in which the deeper and the gayer elements of life are so magically combined, in which freedom, vivacity, and purity are so exquisitely harmonised in a woman of captivating charm, the pathos and poignancy of expression so lightly but deeply touched with poetry, and the many-sided movement of life set against a background so fragrant and so free as in "As You Like It"; an Arcadia in which the sharp edge of adverse conditions cuts but gives no pain, and men feel the sting of care and change but are not embittered.

In all moods Shakespeare was keenly alive to those broad and fundamental contrasts between the possible greatness of a man's destiny and the perishing things with which he deals in his vocations, the fleeting illusions which he often follows with bleeding feet, the greatness of the things which he pursues with uncertain and half-hearted steps. The ironies of life, great and small, were always haunting him, and there is hardly a royal figure in the plays which does not bring home to us the pathos of the pomp and power which enfolds a frail mortal but cannot add to his strength, ward off the diseases which smite the meanest serf, or protect him from that death which knocks with impartial hand at the palaces of kings and the hovels of the poorest.

In Shakespeare's darker moods these contrasts deepened into tragedy; in his gayer and more harmonious

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hours they caught the light of fantasy and were translated into the bewildering phantasmagoria of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or were carried through vicissitudes that were often ominous of calamity to the happiest issues. The free hand of the great artist, who deals with his materials with little regard for traditions but with profound feeling for their essential dramatic values, is everywhere at work in the comedies, and in none of them more conspicuously than in "Much Ado About Nothing." The play is perilously full of tragic forces and runs dangerously near the verge of catastrophe; but Shakespeare's grasp of his materials is so firm and his skill so magical that the movement of the comedy, introducing the baser and the gayer elements, the gloom of the most hopeless potential tragedy and the gaiety of the most audacious wit, is never for an instant uncertain or wandering, but bears steadfastly on to an issue which gains its deepest interest from the background of villainy and treachery against which it is accomplished. It was a piece of Shakespeare's audacity to fasten upon a plot which in more than one version had a tragic ending and in every version involved the blackest elements of character, and snatch from the peril inherent in his material the most moving element in a happy ending of the basest plot.

"Much Ado About Nothing" is neither a play of character nor of manners; it is a drama of wit; everything is subordinate and accessory to the flash and counter-flash of the minds of Beatrice and Benedict. The gentle Hero, the credulous Claudio, the villainous Don John, and the inimitably muddle-headed Dogberry and Verges play

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their parts in order that the verbal interchange between Beatrice and Benedict may be effectively staged. But no drama of wit, however brilliantly constructed, can have deep rootage or dilate the imagination; such a drama must inevitably seem cold and artificial. "Much Ado About Nothing" does not move us because it subordinates the interest of character to the interest of brilliant verbal dexterity. It is the finest product of the verbal ingenuity and audacity of Shakespeare's time; a legitimate and brilliant example of a love of paradox, conceit, and hair-splitting juggling with words affected by the man of wit and fashion in that time and effectively satirised in "Love's Labour's Lost."

While it is true that we never at any moment fear a tragic issue in "Much Ado About Nothing" we are constantly in the presence of tragic motives and possibilities, and some of the material which may have entered into the play was distinctly tragical in its earlier use and association. It is by no means certain that Shakespeare went to Ariosto for one incident in his comedy, the personation of Hero by her maid and the imposition practised on the too easily convinced lover; but in Carrington's translation of the "Orlando Furioso" he had ready access to the pathetic story of Rinaldo and Ginevra. The differences between Ariosto's story and the story of Hero and Claudio as Shakespeare tells it are, however, far more numerous and important than the similarities. Ariosto takes Scotland, Shakespeare Messina, as a background; in the story of Ginevra the motive for the villainy is Polynesso's love; in "Much Ado About Nothing" it is

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the love of evil for its own sake in the soul of Don John. To a wide divergence of incident between the two versions must be added an entire change of the names of the *dramatis personæ*. In fact, there is nothing in common between Ariosto and Shakespeare, save the appearance at the window of a lady-in-waiting in the dress of her mistress and the consequent poisoning of an unsuspecting lover's mind ; incidents which may have had a place in the gossip of Shakespeare's time.

The resemblances between "Much Ado About Nothing" and the twenty-second novella of Bandello, which had been retold in French by Belleforest in his "*Histoires Tragiques*," are much more noticeable. The probabilities are that Shakespeare, like many men of his vocation and opportunities, had a reading knowledge of Italian ; it is more than probable that he knew French ; he may have found Bandello's story either in its original form or in Belleforest's very free rendering. That he had some acquaintance with it seems highly probable in view of the important similarities between the story of Hero and that of Fenecia. Messina is the scene of both stories, and in Bandello we find the personation of the heroine by her maid, the reluctant acceptance of the fact of unchastity by the despairing lover, the rejection of the victim of the conspiracy, her apparent death and secret restoration to life, her seclusion, the sham funeral and epitaph, the repentance of the villain, and his endeavour to persuade the despairing lover to kill him at the tomb of his victim, the generous forgiveness of the lover and the common grief of the two men over the tragic fate in

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which they are involved, the one through his villainy and the other through his credulity. This ending of the story is more moving and dramatic than that which Shakespeare adopted, but if he had used it he would have changed a comedy of wit into an impressive melodrama.

The players of Shakespeare's time were as nomadic in instinct as their successors on the stage of to-day and, taking into consideration the conditions under which they lived, travelled almost as arduously. They visited Germany and the Low Countries, as they visited the English provincial towns and Scotland, and there is ground for believing that they went as far as Italy. During this period certain plays appeared in Germany which present resemblances in title or plots to contemporary plays by English writers, and certain similarities, interesting rather than important, have been pointed out between Jakob Ayrer's "Die Schoene Sidea" and "The Tempest," and some students think they have found resemblances between Ayrer's play with the appalling title of "A Mirror of Womanly Virtue and Honour. The Comedy of the Fair Phoenicia and Count Tymbric of Golison from Arragon, How it fared with them in their honourable love until they were united in marriage" and "Much Ado About Nothing."

Ayrer was a poor boy who found work in Nuremberg as an ironmonger, and after various experiments elsewhere became a person of some consequence and attained to official position in the old city, dying there in 1605. He took up playwriting as an avocation late in life and

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wrote a great number of tragedies, comedies, and farces. These plays were probably written at the very time when Shakespeare was giving the world in rapid succession the series of plays which preceded the tragedies. A comparison of "The Fair Phoenicia" and "Much Ado About Nothing" shows only such similarities as might be expected to appear in two works which drew to a certain extent upon common material. There is ground for the inference that Jakob Ayrer was under English influence; there is practically no evidence that Shakespeare was under German influence. His debt in later years to German scholarship became great, but he owed very little to German suggestion and inspiration. Many signs point to the indebtedness of Ayrer to Belleforest; there is no evidence of any indebtedness of Shakespeare to Ayrer.

There is one other possible source of some of the incidents and characters in "Much Ado About Nothing." In certain accounts of moneys received and paid out by the Lord Treasurer Stanhope in 1612-1613 mention is made of a play entitled "Benedicte and Betteris." Shakespeare sometimes uses alliterative titles, and it has been assumed by some commentators that "Benedicte and Betteris" and "Much Ado About Nothing" were titles of the same play. Dr. Furness gives good ground for believing that there were two plays on the same subject, and several allusions in the play to events which took place before the opening scene support this conclusion and suggest the very reasonable supposition that while Bandello's novel was a principal source of "Much Ado About

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Nothing" its nearer source was a drama of the conventional kind ; crude, weak, and badly constructed, upon which Shakespeare wrought with the magic that turns dross into gold.

These are matters of curiosity ; the real thing is the play as the great dramatist left it. We may well take a hint from his indifference to the sources of his plots and his supreme concern to shape the materials which came to his hand to the highest dramatic and poetic uses. The wrong done to Hero and the deception practised on Claudio evidently belonged to the common stock of incident upon which the dramatists and story-tellers of the time drew at will ; that which belongs to Shakespeare is the very soul of the play : its firm coherence, its striking contrasts of character, its immortal clowns, and the flash of wit between Beatrice and Benedict. These brilliant personifications of the alertness, the finesse, the artificial wit of the close of the sixteenth century are the real actors in a comedy which is skilfully unfolded against a tragic background that the play of their minds, the clash of their wills, may gain distinctness against the darkness of a great wrong.

The malicious villainy of Don John, the weak credulity of Claudio, and the impenetrable stupidity of Dogberry and Verges are essential elements in the staging of this sparkling comedy. Don John is, as Coleridge pointed out, the mainspring of the plot, although he appears only at the moments when his intervention is necessary to keep the plot moving, and then promptly withdraws from the scene. Claudio is so faintly drawn and of such

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feeble purpose that he is a lay figure in a drama which he does not influence, but in which some one is needed as credulous and ineffective as he; while the irresistible dulness of Dogberry and Verges makes the working out of the plot possible by failure to detect the villainy when its details were fully set forth in their hearing, and serves as a foil to the quick-witted brilliancy of Beatrice and Benedict. The two clowns are, in a way, the satirists of the verbal dexterity of Beatrice and Benedict; they are as skilful in the misuse of language as the chief figures in the play are adroit in forcing the note of far-fetched and often purely artificial association or contrast. The fooling of the clowns, by its delightful unconsciousness no less than by its humour, relieves the strain of the tragic element in the play and offsets the occasional forcing of language in which Beatrice and Benedict indulge themselves, after the manner of a time which took far greater liberties with language than any later period has dared to take.

While it is true that "Much Ado About Nothing" is essentially a comedy of wit and, therefore, less highly moralised and less definitely related to character than such a comedy as "Measure for Measure," it shows Shakespeare's hand in the clearness and delicacy of its portraiture. Hero is really a secondary figure and is as definitely subordinate to Beatrice as Claudio is to Benedict; but the few strokes with which she is drawn reveal, with beautiful art, her purity, her simplicity, her womanly power to find refuge in silence and patience. Beatrice, on the other hand, stands out with the distinctness of the

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most brilliant portraits in the gallery of Shakespeare's women ; quick in thought, audacious in speech, mistress of the art of repartee : the heart of the passionate woman reveals itself in her vehement advocacy of Hero, and her imperious command, " Kill Claudio," and in her sudden tenderness when she is persuaded that Benedict's raillery covers an ardent devotion.

The connections of the characters in " Much* Ado About Nothing " have often been pointed out, and are significant as disclosing the advance of Shakespeare's art in insight and graphic power. The comedy marks the culmination of his creative skill* in this kind of drama, and Hazlitt happily put its perfection into words when he said that " the middle point of comedy was never more nicely hit, in which the ludicrous blends with the tender, and our follies, turning round against themselves, in support of our affections, retain nothing but their humanity." If " Love's Labour's Lost " is a preliminary sketch of " Much Ado About Nothing," and Rosaline and Dull, the constable, are studies of Beatrice and Dogberry, the sense of Shakespeare's power of growth — one of the most marvellous of his many gifts — is deepened by the perception of his grasp of the vital connection between action and character and heightened by the realisation of his gain in command of the delicate and subtle resources of speech in which he worked. If Beatrice and Benedict recall Katharine and Petruchio, and a common tragedy of illegitimacy involves Don John and Edmund in " King Lear," these connections serve to bring out Shakespeare's wealth of resource rather than to suggest

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poverty of material. There are comedies which are more vitally related to character and shed clearer light on the motives, the passions, and the foibles of men, but there is none more brilliantly conceived and executed than "Much Ado About Nothing."

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.

DON JOHN, his bastard brother.

CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.

BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.

LEONATO, governor of Messina.

ANTONIO, his brother.

BALTHASAR, attendant on Don Pedro.

CONRADE, } followers of Don John.
BORACHIO, }

FRIAR FRANCIS.

DOGBERRY, a constable.

VERGES, a headborough[†].

A Sexton.

A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.

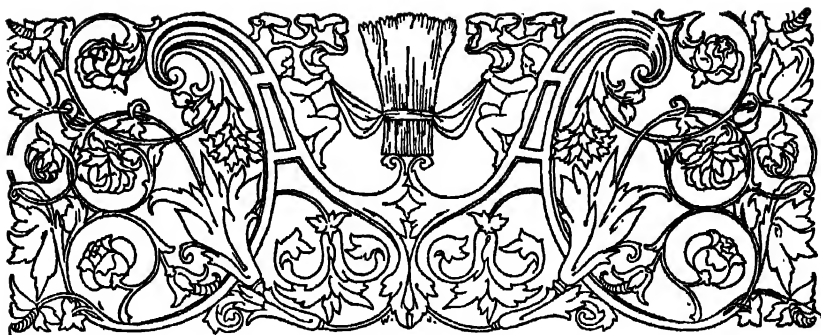
BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.

MARGARET, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.
URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

SCENE — *Messina.*

¹ The piece was first published in quarto in 1600. A copy of the quarto edition, corrected for purposes of the theatre forms the text of the First Folio. A list of "dramatis personæ" was first supplied by Rowe in 1709, together with the intimation of the "scene." In the stage directions in the early editions, — at the opening of the play and at the beginning of Act II, sc. i, — Leonato's wife is mentioned as entering with him, and at the first reference she is given the name of Innogen. This character figures nowhere else in the play, and since Theobald's time has been rightly omitted from the list of "dramatis personæ."

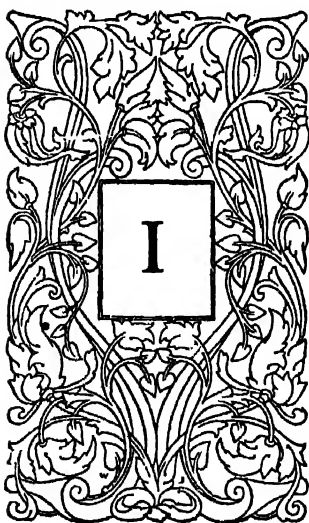


ACT FIRST—SCENE I

BEFORE LEONATO'S HOUSE

Enter LEONATO, HERO, and BEATRICE, with a Messenger

LEONATO



LEARN IN THIS LETTER
that Don Pedro of Arragon
comes this night to Messina.

MESS. He is very near by
this: he was not three leagues
off when I left him.

LEON. How many gentlemen
have you lost in this action?

MESS. But few of any sort,
and none of name.

LEON. A victory is twice it-
self when the achiever brings
home full numbers. I find here
that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young
Florentine called Claudio.

MESS. Much deserved on his part, and equally remem-¹⁰
bered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond

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the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

LEON. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

MESS. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

LEON. Did he break out into tears?

20

MESS. In great measure.

LEON. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

BEAT. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

MESS. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

LEON. What is he that you ask for, niece?

HERO. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

30

MESS. O, he's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

BEAT. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading

25 *Mountanto*] a fencing term for an upward thrust; here derisively applied to a skilled fencer.

32 *set up his bills*] placarded or advertised his challenge, after the manner of a professional prize fighter, fencer, or wrestler.

33 *at the flight*] long-distance shooting, for which a long, sharp arrow was needed.

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the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

LEON. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

MESS. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars. ⁴⁰

BEAT. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

MESS. And a good soldier too, lady.

BEAT. And a good soldier to, a lady; but what is he to a lord? ⁴¹

MESS. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

BEAT. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing, — well, we are all mortal. ⁵⁰

LEON. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

BEAT. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last

35 *bird-bolt*] short, blunt, stumpy arrow used for killing birds, and usually part of a professional fool's armoury. Cf. the proverb, "A fool's bolt is soon shot."

47-50 *stuffed . . . stuffing*] Beatrice has already described Benedick as a great eater (l. 43), and agrees that in that sense he is "a stuffed man." But she hesitates to admit that "the stuffing" consists, as the messenger suggests, of "all honourable virtues." Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, III, v, 182: "*Stuffed*, as they say, with honourable parts."

conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

60

MESS. Is 't possible?

BEAT. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

MESS. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

BEAT. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

MESS. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

BEAT. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: ⁷⁰ he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he

55 *five wits*] distinguished from the five senses. Cf. *Sonnet* cxli, 9-10:

"But my *five wits* nor my five senses can: Dissuade one foolish heart." The five wits were reckoned to be common wit, imagination, fantasy, judgment, and memory.

57 *to keep himself warm*] Cf. *T. of Shrew*, II, i, 258: "Am I not wise? Yes; *keep you warm*;" a proverbial phrase, implying that, with a little common sense, no man goes cold.

64 *not in your books*] not in your good books. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, II, i, 221: "Put me *in thy books*."

66 *squarer*] braggart. Cotgrave explains "*se quarrer*" thus: "To strout or *square* it, looke big on 't, carrie his armes a kemboll braggadochio-like."

SCENE I. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING •

have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.

MESS. I will hold friends with you, lady.

BEAT. Do, good friend.

LEON. You will never run mad, niece.

BEAT. No, not till a hot January.

MESS. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
BALTHASAR*

D. PEDRO. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to⁸⁰
meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid
cost, and you encounter it.

LEON. Never came trouble to my house in the like-
ness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort
should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow
abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. PEDRO. You embrace your charge too willingly.
I think this is your daughter.

LEON. Her mother hath many times told me so.

BENE. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?⁹⁰

*LEON. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a
child.

D. PEDRO. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess
by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady
fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an
honourable father.

92 *You have it full*] You have a complete, straight answer; in colloquial
slang, "there's a facer for you."

93 *fathers herself*] shows her paternity in her face.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT I

BENE. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

BEAT. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you. 100

BENE. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

BEAT. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

BENE. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none. 108

BEAT. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

BENE. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

BEAT. Scratching could not make it worse, an't were such a face as yours were.

BENE. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

BEAT. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours. 119

104 *convert*] used intransitively for "change."

109 *A dear happiness*] a valuable piece of luck.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

BENE. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

BEAT. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. PEDRO. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart. 130

LEON. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To Don John*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. JOHN. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

LEON. Please it your Grace lead on?

D. PEDRO. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.]

CLAUD. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

BENE. I noted her not; but I looked on her. 140

CLAUD. Is she not a modest young lady?

BENE. Do you question me, as an honest man should

123 *jade's trick*] trick of a vicious horse. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, III, iv, 10, where a horse slipping its head out of the collar and so escaping is described as performing "a jade's trick." Beatrice implies that Benedick makes an equally undignified retreat.

do, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

CLAUD. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

BENE. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhand-some; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her. ¹⁵¹

CLAUD. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

BENE. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

CLAUD. Can the world buy such a jewel?

BENE. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song? ¹⁶⁰

CLAUD. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

BENE. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see 'no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the

157 *do you play the flouting Jack, etc.*] do you play the mocker? (contrasted with one who speaks "with a sad brow," i. e. in all seriousness). It is obvious mockery to identify blind Cupid with a hare-finder, a director of a hare hunt chosen for his keenness of vision, or to identify Vulcan the blacksmith with a carpenter.

160 *go in the song*] join with you in your song.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

CLAUD. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife. 169

BENE. Is 't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO

D. PEDRO. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

BENE. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

D. PEDRO. I charge thee on thy allegiance. 179

BENE. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is; — With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

CLAUD. If this were so, so were it uttered.

171 *will wear . . . suspicion*] will provoke the suspicion that he wears his cap in order to conceal the horns on his head. Cf. Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, novel 51: "All they that weare hornes be pardoned to weare their capps vpon their heads."

174 *sigh away Sundays*] spend Sunday in that dull domestic fashion which evokes sighing from men of spirit.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT I

BENE. Like the old tale, my lord: "it is not so, nor 't was not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so."

CLAUD. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. PEDRO. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy. 191

CLAUD. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. PEDRO. By my troth, I speak my thought.

CLAUD. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

BENE. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

CLAUD. That I love her, I feel.

D. PEDRO. That she is worthy, I know.

BENE. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake. 201

D. PEDRO. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

CLAUD. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

BENE. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble

186 *the old tale, etc.*] No strictly contemporary tale which contains these words has yet been found. A story of the 17th century printed from oral tradition in the Variorum Edition (1821), pp. 163-165, gives prominence to the phrase here cited, when the heroine narrates to a guest—a concealed Bluebeard—a murderous outrage which she, unknown to him, had witnessed him commit.

192 *fetch me in*] entrap me, catch me out.

205 *force of his will*] wilful obstinacy.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor. 213

D. PEDRO. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

BENE. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. PEDRO. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument. 221

BENE. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.

208-209 *recheat . . . baldrick*] This is somewhat subtle quibbling on the vulgar notion that horns sprout from the forehead of the husband whose wife has wronged him. "To wind a recheat" is to sound a note on the huntsman's bugle horn. The "baldrick" is the huntsman's belt in which the bugle horn is carried. Benedick rejects marriage because he deprecates alike the publication of a wronged husband's shame and its concealment.

212 *the fine . . . finer*] the conclusion is, as a result of which I may spend more on my dress and personal adornment.

221 *a notable argument*] a capital theme for jest.

222-223 *hang . . . shoot*] The shooting at a cat enclosed in a wooden bottle or barrel was a favourite country sport; "Adam" is apparently an allusion to Adam Bell, the outlaw of ballad tradition, who was reckoned the champion archer.

D. PEDRO. Well, as time shall try:

“In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.”

BENE. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write “Here is good horse to hire,” let them signify under my sign “Here you may see Benedick the married man.” 232

CLAUD. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. PEDRO. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

BENE. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. PEDRO. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation. 241

BENE. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you —

CLAUD. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it, —

226 “*In time . . . yoke*”] This line, which is first found in Thomas Watson's *Hecatompethia*, Passion XLVII, “In time the Bull is brought to weare the yoake,” seems here to be loosely quoted from Kyd's adaptation of it in his *Spanish Tragedy*, II, i, 3: “In time the sauuage Bull sustaines the yoake.” Further allusions are made to the quotation *infra*, V, i, 174–175 and V, iv, 43.

236 *Venice*] Venice enjoyed a reputation for dissolute gallantries, like Cyprus in the ancient world, and Paris in the modern world.

238 *temporize . . . hours*] come to terms in the process of time.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

D. PEDRO. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

BENE. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [Exit. 251

CLAUD. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. PEDRO. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

CLAUD. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. PEDRO. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

CLAUD. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, 260
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms

246 *The sixth of July*] Midsummer day, according to the old reckoning; a fit date for midsummer madness.

249 *guards . . . basted*] trimmings or facings lightly stitched or tacked on.

250 *old ends*] conventional tags (of epistolary correspondence). Cf. *Rich. III*, I, iii, 337: "With *old odd ends* stol'n out of holy writ."

Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. PEDRO. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it; 270

And I will break with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

CLAUD. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. PEDRO. What need the bridge much broader than
the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.

Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once, thou lovest, 280

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night:

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

271 *break*] broach, open the matter, as in line 288, *infra*, I, ii, 13,
II, i, 137, and III, ii, 67.

279 *The fairest . . . necessity*] That boon is the most welcome which
precisely supplies a pressing need.

280 *once*] once for all, in fine. Cf. *Com. of Errors*, III, i, 89: "Once
this."

SCENE II MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.

In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.* 290

SCENE II—A ROOM IN LEONATO'S HOUSE

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, meeting.

LEON. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

ANT. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

LEON. Are they good?

ANT. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved ¹⁰ my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

288 *break*] broach, as in line 271, *supra*.

1-2 *your son*] Nothing further is heard of Antonio's son. His existence is implicitly denied in V, i, 276, *infra*. Shakespeare carelessly forgot this mention of him.

8 *thick-pleached*] with boughs thickly *plaited* or intertwined. Cf. III, i, 7, *infra*: "the *pleached* bower."

13 *time by the top*] time by the forelock. Cf. *All's Well*, V, iii, 39:

"Let's take the instant by the forward top."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT I

LEON. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

ANT. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

LEON. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it.²⁰
[*Enter attendants.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

SCENE III—THE SAME

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE

CON. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. JOHN. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

CON. You should hear reason.

D. JOHN. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

CON. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. JOHN. I wonder that thou, being (as thou sayest thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a¹⁰

17-18 *appear itself*] make itself apparent or manifest.

1 *What the good-year*] See note on *M. Wives*, I, iv, 110.

10 *born under Saturn*] of Saturnine or melancholy temperament.

SCENE III MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

CON. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest. 21

D. JOHN. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering dishonest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me. 31

CON. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. JOHN. I make all use of it, for I use it only.
Who comes here?

15 *claw* . . . *humour*] flatter, curry favour with no man.

22-23 *canker* . . . *grace*] The canker or wild "dog-rose" is contrasted with the cultivated garden rose, as in *Sonnet* liv, 5, 6: "The *canker*-blooms have full as deep a dye As the perfumed tincture of the *roses*."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT I

Enter BORACHIO

What news, Borachio?

BORA. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. JOHN. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself ⁴⁰ to unquietness?

BORA. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. JOHN. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

BORA. Even he.

D. JOHN. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

BORA. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. JOHN. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

BORA. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was ⁵⁰ smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

⁴⁰ *What . . . fool*] What manner of fool is he? Cf. Middleton's *Mad World*, V, ii, 270: "What is she for a fool?"

⁵⁰⁻⁵¹ *Being entertained . . . room*] Doing the work of a perfumer by smoking aromatic herbs (in a censer) in a foul-smelling room in order to sweeten the air. Cf. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, "The smoake of Juniper is in great request with us at Oxford to sweeten our chambers."

SCENE III · MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

D. JOHN. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

CON. To the death, my lord.

60

D. JOHN. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

BORA. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT SECOND — SCENE I
A HALL IN LEONATO'S HOUSE

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others

LEONATO



AS NOT COUNT JOHN
here at supper?

ANT. I saw him not.

BEAT. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

HERO. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

BEAT. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

⁴ *heart-burned*] "Heart burn" is medically attributed to acidity of the stomach; hence "tart looks" might be able to produce it.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING •

LEON. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face, —

BEAT. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

LEON. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

ANT. In faith, she's too curst.

BEAT. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns"; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

• LEON. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

BEAT. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

LEON. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

BEAT. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath ³⁰

17-18 *shrewd* . . . *curst*] Both words have the meaning of vicious in the modern colloquial sense of bad-tempered.

20-21 *God* . . . *horns*] A common English proverb, implying that an evil-disposed person has little means of doing an injury.

26 *the woollen*] a reference to the commonly used woollen or flannel shroud; Beatrice means that she would rather die.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT II

no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

LEON. Well, then, go you into hell?

BEAT. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he ⁴⁰ shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

ANT. [*To Hero*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

BEAT. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you." But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

34 *bear-ward*] The Quarto and the First and Second Folios read *Berrord*; the Third and Fourth, *bearherd*, which seems formed on the analogy of "shep-herd" or "goat-herd." But it is objected that the keeper of bears does not tend them in flocks, and hence *bear-ward* (i. e., bear-keeper) has been adopted, as in 2 *Hen. VI*, V, i, 210. Beatrice uses the word loosely in the sense of "animal keeper," with a view to lightly punning on the word "beard" and to introducing an allusion to the old maid's traditional function of leading apes into hell.

40 *for the heavens*] before heaven, in heaven's name. Cf. Launcelot Gobbo's exclamation in *Merch. of Ven.*, II, ii, 10: "'For the heavens rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.'"

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

LEON. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

BEAT. Not till God make men of some other metal⁵⁰ than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

LEON. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

BEAT. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so⁶⁰ dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

LEON. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

BEAT. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

62, 66 *cinque pace*] The French dance called "cinq pas" or "galliard," which each complete movement consisted of *five steps*. The pace quickened as the dance continued. The word is often written "sink-a-pace."

68 *you apprehend*] you are quick-witted. Cf. III, iv, 60, *infra*, where apprehension means "quickness of wit in repartee."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT II

LEON. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room.
[*All put on their masks.*]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked

D. PEDRO. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

HERO. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. PEDRO. With me in your company?

HERO. I may say so, when I please.

D. PEDRO. And when please you to say so?

HERO. When I like your favour; for God defend ⁸⁰
the lute should be like the case!

D. PEDRO. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

HERO. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. PEDRO. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Drawing her aside.*]

BALTH. Well, I would you did like me.

80 *God defend*] God forbid. The expression is used again, IV, ii, 18, *infra*.

82-85 *My visor . . . thatched*] The reference is to the thatched roof of the rustic cottage of the peasants Philemon and Baucis, who, according to Ovid, *Metam.*, VIII, 630, *seq.*, unsuspectingly entertained Jove and Mercury while wandering on earth in human form. The story is again referred to in *As you like it*, III, iii, 8: "O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than *Jove in a thatched house*."

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

MARG. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

BALTH. Which is one?

MARG. I say my prayers aloud. 90

BALTH. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.

MARG. God match me with a good dancer!

BALTH. Amen.

MARG. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

BALTH. No more words: the clerk is answered.

URS. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

ANT. At a word, I am not.

URS. I know you by the waggling of your head.

ANT. To tell you true, I counterfeit him. 100

URS. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

ANT. At a word, I am not.

URS. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

BEAT. Will you not tell me who told you so?

BENE. No, you shall pardon me.

BEAT. Nor will you not tell me who you are? 110

102 *his dry hand . . . down*] his dry hand (*i. e.* a sign of old age) all over.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT II

BENE. Not now.

BEAT. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred Merry Tales": — well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

BENE. What's he?

BEAT. I am sure you know him well enough.

BENE. Not I, believe me.

BEAT. Did he never make you laugh?

BENE. I pray you, what is he? 119

BEAT. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

BENE. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

BEAT. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a part-ridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the leaders.

BENE. In every good thing. 132

BEAT. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

113 the "*Hundred Merry Tales*"] The title of a popular jest book of the day, first printed and published in London by John Rastell in 1526, and frequently reissued.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*]

D. JOHN. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

BORA. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. JOHN. Are not you Signior Benedick? . 140

CLAUD. You know me well; I am he.

D. JOHN. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her: she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

CLAUD. How know you he loves her?

D. JOHN. I heard him swear his affection.

BORA. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. JOHN. Come, let us to the banquet. 150

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*]

CLAUD. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.

'T is certain so; the prince wooes for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love:

Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,

And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

142-143 *very near . . . his love*] in the closest confidence of my brother.

159-161 *Against . . . not*] Under the influence of whose charms

This is an accident of hourly proof, 160
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK

BENE. Count Claudio?

CLAUD. Yea, the same.

BENE. Come, will you go with me?

CLAUD. Whither?

BENE. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero. 170

CLAUD. I wish him joy of her.

BENE. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

CLAUD. I pray you, leave me.

BENE. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

CLAUD. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.* 178

BENE. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be

loyalty (in friendship) is swallowed up by the heat of passion. This is an incident of hourly experience, though it did not cause me mistrust, though I did not suspect it.

167 *garland*] Cf. forsaken Barbara's song in *Othello*, IV, iii, 49: "Sing all a green *willow* must be my *garland*." See l. 194, *infra*.

168 *usurer's chain*] the gold chain usually worn by wealthy citizens.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO

D. PEDRO. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him? 188

BENE. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. PEDRO. To be whipped! What's his fault?

BENE. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. PEDRO. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer. 201

BENE. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been

183-185 *it is the base . . . gives me out*] it is the evil, nay, rather, the bitter-tongued disposition of Beatrice, that makes her claim to personate the world and to speak the opinion of the world, and then gives me this character.

190 *a lodge in a warren*] a keeper's hut, necessarily a lonely dwelling, in a game preserve.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT II

made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. PEDRO. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

BENE. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. PEDRO. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you. 212

BENE. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find

218 *impossible conveyance*] incredible dexterity.

220 *speaks poniards*] Cf. *Hamlet*, III, ii, 386: "I will *speak daggers* to her, but use none.

221 *terminations*] Benedict's extravagant synonym for "terms," "epithets."

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

232

D. PEDRO. Look, here she comes.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO

BENE. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies; rather than hold three words'

227 *Ate*] The spirit of discord (inciting to war) of Homeric mythology. A full description of her appears in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, IV, i, 19-30.

228 *some scholar would conjure her*] The exorcism of evil spirits was commonly couched in the Latin tongue, and the exorcist was of necessity reckoned a scholar. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, i, 42: "Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio."

238-240 *Prester John . . . great Cham . . . Pigmies*] These personages of romance were deemed to live in the remotest parts of Asia. "Prester John" was a fabulous king of vast wealth; "the great Cham" was the supreme ruler of the Mongols, and the "Pigmies" were a tribe in the northern mountains of India. In the early French romance of *Huon of Bordeaux*, which Lord Berners translated into English in 1534, one of the feats imposed on the hero by his French suzerain is to bring a "handful of the hair of the beard" of the ruler of Babylon together with four of his greatest teeth.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT II

conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me? 242

D. PEDRO. None, but to desire your good company.

BENE. O God, sir, here 's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [Exit.

D. PEDRO. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

BEAT. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it. 251

D. PEDRO. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

BEAT. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. PEDRO. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

CLAUD. Not sad, my lord.

D. PEDRO. How then? sick? 260

CLAUD. Neither, my lord.

BEAT. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

249 *use*] interest. Cf. *Sonnet* vi, 5: "That *use* is not forbidden usury."

263 *civil*] A quibble on "Civil" and "Seville." According to Cotgrave's *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*, "a civile orange" was "aigre-douce" "betweene sweet and sower."

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

D. PEDRO. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy! 270

LEON. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

BEAT. Speak, count, 't is your cue.

CLAUD. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

BEAT. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither. 280

D. PEDRO. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

BEAT. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

CLAUD. And so she doth, cousin.

BEAT. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one

283 *the windy side of care*] out of the way of, or having the advantage of care. Cf. *Tw. Night*, III, iv, 156: "Still you keep o' the windy side of the law." It is a nautical metaphor drawn from the practice of sailing ships in naval actions endeavouring to get the weather gauge of the enemy, *i. e.* to get the wind behind them and against their foe.

286-287 *goes . . . to the world*] gets married. Cf. *All's Well*, I, iii, 18, and *As you like it*, V, iii, 4.

to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt; I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. PEDRO. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one. 289

BEAT. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. PEDRO. Will you have me, lady?

BEAT. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your Grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. PEDRO. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour. 300

BEAT. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

LEON. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

BEAT. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon. [Exit. 308

D. PEDRO. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

LEON. There's little of the melancholy element in her,

287 *sun-burnt*] neglected, exposed to the weather, homely, plain. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, I, iii, 282-283: "The Grecian dames are *sun-burnt*, and not worth The splinter of a lance."

288 *cry heigh-ho for a husband*] The title of an old ballad of which a copy is preserved in the Pepysian collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. PEDRO. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

LEON. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. PEDRO. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

LEON. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. PEDRO. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church? 321

CLAUD. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

LEON. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. PEDRO. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction. • 334

LEON. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

325 *a just seven-night*] just a week. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, IV, i, 328; "a just pound."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT II

CLAUD. And I, my lord.

D. PEDRO. And you too, gentle Hero?

HERO. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband. 340

D. PEDRO. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. 350

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — THE SAME

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO

D. JOHN. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

BORA. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. JOHN. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

BORA. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

SCENE II MUCH ADO² ABOUT NOTHING

D. JOHN. Show me briefly how. 10

BORA. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. JOHN. I remember.

BORA. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. JOHN. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

BORA. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that²⁰ he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio — whose estimation do you mightily hold up — to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. JOHN. What proof shall I make of that?

BORA. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. JOHN. Only to despite them I will endeavour any thing.

BORA. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don³⁰ Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as, — in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid, — that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances;

32 *intend*] pretend. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, IV, i, 187: "I *intend* That all is done in reverend care of her."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT II

which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this ⁴⁰ the very night before the intended wedding, — for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent, — and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.

D. JOHN. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

BORA. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me. ⁵⁰

D. JOHN. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III — LEONATO'S ORCHARD

Enter BENEDICK

BENE. Boy!

Enter Boy

BOY. Signior?

BENE. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

BOY. I am here already, sir.

BENE. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. *[Exit Boy.]* I do much wonder that one man,

⁵ *I am here already*] I'll take no time about it.

SCENE III MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own¹⁰ scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, — just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see²⁰ with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of

13 *the tabor and the pipe*] the small drum and whistle, used by travelling showmen or in outdoor pastimes; symbols of times of peace.

18 *orthography*] the abstract noun used in personal sense of orthographer, i. e. a precisian in speech. Cf. *L. L. L.*, I, ii, 173: "I shall turn sonnet" (i. e. sonneteer).

29 *noble . . . angel*] pun on the names of coins. A "noble" was worth 6s. 8d.; an "angel," 10 shillings.

MUCH ADO 'ABOUT NOTHING ACT II

good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall³⁰
be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and
Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO

D. PEDRO. Come, shall we hear this music?

CLAUD. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. PEDRO. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

CLAUD. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHASAR *with Music*

D. PEDRO. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song
again.

BALTH. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice⁴⁰
To slander music any more than once.

31 *hair . . . colour*] The wearing of false or dyed hair was very
common in Shakespeare's day. Cf. *Sonnet* lxxviii, 5-8.

Enter . . . Leonato] The Quarto includes amongst those who enter here
"Musicke," i. e. a musician. The Folio substitutes for "Musicke"
the singer's name "Iacke Wilson" "Mr. Wilson (the singer)" is
noticed as one of the guests of Alleyn the actor on the anniversary
of his wedding on 22 October, 1620. There is no good ground
for identifying the vocalist with Dr. John Wilson (1595-1674) the
lutenist and composer who set "Take, O take those lips away," in
Meas. for Meas.

38 *the kid-fox*] young fox; a rare and rather inappropriate term to apply
to Benedick. The meaning is, "we'll give him his money's worth."

Enter . . . Music] Thus the Quarto. The Folio omits this direction.

SCENE III MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

D. PEDRO. It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

BALTH. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. PEDRO. Nay, pray thee, come; .
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

BALTH. Note this before my notes; 50
There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting.

D. PEDRO. Why, these are very crotchets that he
speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [Air.]

BENE. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it
not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of
men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all 's
done.

THE SONG

BALTH. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:

60

43 *To put a strange face on*] To show ignorance or unconsciousness of.

52 *crotchets*] quibble on the double meaning of the word for "perversities" and "musical notes."

53 *nothing*] "Nothing" was so pronounced by Elizabethans as to admit of its being confused with "noting."

Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. PEDRO. By my troth, a good song.

70

BALTH. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. PEDRO. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

BENE. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. PEDRO. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

80

BALTH. The best I can, my lord.

D. PEDRO. Do so: farewell. [*Exit Balthasar.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

CLAUD. O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I

86 *stalk on, stalk on*] a reference to the stalking horse, real or fictitious, behind which the fowler or shooter sheltered himself from the sight of the game.

SCENE III MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

did never think that lady would have loved any man.

LEON. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor. 90

BENE. Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

LEON. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought.

D. PEDRO. May be she doth but counterfeit.

CLAUD. Faith, like enough.

LEON. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. PEDRO. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

CLAUD. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. 100

LEON. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

CLAUD. She did, indeed.

D. PEDRO. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

LEON. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

BENE. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence. 111

CLAUD. He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. PEDRO. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT II

LEON. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

CLAUD. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?" 119

LEON. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

CLAUD. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

LEON. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

CLAUD. That. 128

LEON. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

CLAUD. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; "O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!" 129

LEON. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself; it is very true. 140

D. PEDRO. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

129 *halfpence*] The small silver halfpenny was often quoted as a symbol of littleness.

SCENE III MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

CLAUD. To what end? He would make but a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. PEDRO. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

CLAUD. And she is exceeding wise.

D. PEDRO. In every thing but in loving Benedick. 149

LEON. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. PEDRO. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have dashed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

LEON. Were it good, think you? 158

CLAUD. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not; and she will die, ere she make her love known; and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. PEDRO. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 't is very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

CLAUD. He is a very proper man.

D. PEDRO. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

CLAUD. Before God! and in my mind, very wise.

154 *dotage*] doting affection Cf line 198, *infra*.

168 *He . . . happiness*] He chances to be of good appearance.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT II

D. PEDRO. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit. 171

CLAUD. And I take him to be valiant.

D. PEDRO. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

LEON. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling. 172

D. PEDRO. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love? 173

CLAUD. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

LEON. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. PEDRO. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady. 174

LEON. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

CLAUD. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. PEDRO. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry.

181 *large*] used like "broad" in the sense of licentious. Cf. IV, i, 91: "a *liberal* (i. e. coarse-tongued) villain."

184 *wear . . . out*] efface, conquer her passion.

SCENE III MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

200

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*]

BENE. [*Coming forward*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair, — 't is a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous, — 't is so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me, — by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the

197-198 *they hold . . . matter*] one is here equivalent to "each one"; "dotage" is "doting affection" and has already been so employed at line 154, *supra*; "and no such matter" means "nothing of the kind."

202 *sadly borne*] seriously carried on.

219 *paper bullets*] epigrams from books.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT II

brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her. 223

Enter BEATRICE

BEAT. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

BENE. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

BEAT. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

BENE. You take pleasure, then, in the message? 230

BEAT. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

BENE. Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;" there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;" that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.* 240

239-240 *I am a Jew*] Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 172: "Or *I am a Jew* else."



ACT THIRD — SCENE I •

LEONATO'S ORCHARD

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA

HERO



GOOD MARGARET, RUN
thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin
Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and
Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I
and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our
whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou over-
heard'st us;
And bid her steal into the
pleached bower, •

Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,

³ *proposing*] talking. Cf. line 12, *infra*, where "propose" is the substantive and means "talk."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT III

Made proud by princes, that advance their pride 10
 Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,
 To listen our propose. This is thy office;
 Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

MARG. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
[Exit.]

HERO. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
 As we do trace this alley up and down,
 Our talk must only be of Benedick.
 When I do name him, let it be thy part
 To praise him more than ever man did merit:
 My talk to thee must be, how Benedick 20
 Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
 Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
 That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter BEATRICE, behind

Now begin;
 For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
 Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

URS. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish .
 Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
 And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
 So angle we for Beatrice; who even now

7 *pleached*] twined about, or plaited with boughs. Cf. I, ii, 8, *supra*,
 "thick-*pleached* alley."

12 *propose*] This is the Quarto reading. The Folios substitute "*purpose*." See note on line 3, *supra*.

24 *lapwing*] the female green plover, also called "peewit," which has
 the habit of flying with much fluttering of wings near the ground.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Is couched in the woodbine coverture.

30

Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

HERO. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[Approaching the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;

I know her spirits are as coy and wild

As haggards of the rock.

URS. But are you sure

That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

HERO. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.

URS. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

HERO. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it; 40

But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,

To wish him wrestle with affection,

And never to let Beatrice know of it.

URS. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full as fortunate a bed

As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

HERO. O god of love! I know he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man:

But Nature never framed a woman's heart

Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;

50

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

Misprising what they look on; and her wit

Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affection,

She is so self-endear'd.

55 *project*] idea, notion.

URS. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

HERO. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured, ⁶⁰
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. ⁷⁰

URS. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

HERO. No, not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

61 *spell him backward*] speak ill of him, turn him "the wrong side out"; cf. line 68, *infra*. Raleigh and his friends, who were suspected of irreligion, were charged with teaching young men among other things "to *spell* God *backwards*" (Robert Parsons' *Advertisement*, 1592, p. 18). Witches' incantations were formed of familiar words spelt backwards.

63 *antique*] grotesque figure. This is the Quarto reading. The Folio reads *anticke*, and modern editors *antic*.

65 *If low, an agate . . . cut*] If short of stature, the man is likened to one of the miniature heads with which agate stones in rings or brooches were frequently cut or engraved. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, I, ii, 16: "I was never manned with an *agate* till now."

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
 Out of myself, press me to death with wit!
 Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
 It were a better death than die with mocks,
 Which is as bad as die with tickling. 80

URS. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

HERO. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
 And counsel him to fight against his passion.
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
 To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
 How much an ill word may empoison liking.

URS. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!
 She cannot be so much without true judgement, —
 Having so swift and excellent a wit
 As she is prized to have, — as to refuse 90
 So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

HERO. He is the only man of Italy,
 Always excepted my dear Claudio.

URS. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
 Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
 For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
 Goes foremost in report through Italy.

HERO. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

URS. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it. 100
 When are you married, madam?

76 *press . . . to death*] the cruel punishment (*peine forte et dure*) assigned to those who, charged with felony, mutely refused to plead.

84 *honest slanders*] slanders that involve no deep disgrace.

96 *argument*] power of argument, intellectual faculty.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT III

HERO. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

URS. She's limed, I warrant you: we have caught
her, madam.

HERO. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[Exeunt Hero and Ursula.]

BEAT. *[Coming forward]* What fire is in mine ears?
Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such. 110
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. *[Exit.]*

101 *every day, to-morrow]* Hero means that her marriage is occupying her whole thought every day, every hour. but that the ceremony actually takes place the next day.

107 *What fire . . . ears]* One's ears are said to burn when people talk of one in absence.

110 *No glory . . . such]* Such persons are not spoken of with much admiration in their absence.

SCENE II MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

SCENE II—A ROOM IN LEONATO'S HOUSE

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO

D. PEDRO. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

CLAUD. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. PEDRO. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman¹⁰ dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

BENE. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

LEON. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

CLAUD. I hope he be in love.

D. PEDRO. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love; if he be sad, he wants money.

BENE. I have the toothache.

D. PEDRO. Draw it.

BENE. Hang it!

20

¹⁰ *hangman*] often used colloquially like "rascal." Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 12, where Cupid is called "a shrewd unhappy gallows."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT III

CLAUD. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. PEDRO. What! sigh for the toothache?

LEON. Where is but a humour or a worm.

BENE. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

CLAUD. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. PEDRO. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

CLAUD. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

22 *draw it afterwards*] an allusion to the punishment of "drawing," i. e. disembowelling, which followed that of "hanging" and preceded that of "quartering" in convictions for treason.

24 *a humour or a worm*] Contemporary medical treatises attribute the toothache either to the operation of foul humours or to the presence of a worm in the offending tooth.

25 *can*] The original reading, *cannot*, is clearly wrong.

28-29 *fancy . . . fancy*] The word is used first in the sense of "love," then in that of "caprice" or "inclination."

31-33 *or in the . . . doublet*] These words, which appear in the Quarto, are omitted in the Folio text.

32 *slops*] loose, ill-fitting trousers.

33 *no doublet*] no under-garment, all cloak.

SCENE II MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

D. PEDRO. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

CLAUD. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with ⁴⁰ him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

LEON. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. PEDRO. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

CLAUD. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. PEDRO. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

CLAUD. And when was he wont to wash his face? ⁵⁰

D. PEDRO. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

CLAUD. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

D. PEDRO. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love.

CLAUD. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. PEDRO. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

CLAUD. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite ⁶⁰ of all, dies for him.

D. PEDRO. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

BENE. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old

⁵⁴ *lute-string . . . stops*] The lute was the instrument which accompanied love-songs. The "stops" of the lute, which Shakespeare elsewhere calls "frets," are marks on the fingerboard indicating where the finger is to be pressed to produce the various notes.

⁶² *with her face upwards*] in her lover's arms; in the marriage bed.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT III

signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. *[Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

D. PEDRO. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

CLAUD. 'T is even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet. 70

Enter DON JOHN

D. JOHN. My lord, and brother, God save you!

D. PEDRO. Good den, brother.

D. JOHN. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. PEDRO. In private?

D. JOHN. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. PEDRO. What's the matter?

D. JOHN. *[To Claudio]* Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. PEDRO. You know he does. 80

D. JOHN. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

CLAUD. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. JOHN. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you

85 *aim better at me*] form a better opinion of me.

SCENE II MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage, — surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

D. PEDRO. Why, what's the matter?

D. JOHN. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

CLAUD. Who, Hero?

D. JOHN. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

CLAUD. Disloyal?

D. JOHN. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind. 103

CLAUD. May this be so?

D. PEDRO. I will not think it.

D. JOHN. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly. 109

CLAUD. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. PEDRO. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

90-91 *circumstances shortened*] cutting details short.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT III

D. JOHN. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. PEDRO. O day untowardly turned!

CLAUD. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. JOHN. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.* 121

SCENE III — A STREET

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES with the Watch

DOG. Are you good men and true?

VERG. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

DOG. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

VERG. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

DOG. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

FIRST WATCH. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

DOG. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath

116 *bear it coldly*] take it coolly.

10 *George Seacole*] At III, v, 52, Dogberry refers to *Francis Seacole* as a capable scrivener. Shakespeare appears to have confused the two Christian names.

SCENE III MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

SEC. WATCH. Both which, master constable, —

DOG. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit²⁰ man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

* SEC. WATCH. How if a' will not stand?

DOG. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

VERG. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

DOG. True, and they are to meddle with none but³⁰ the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

WATCH. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

DOG. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well,

38 *bills*] halberds or spear-like shafts carried by constables.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT III

you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed. 40

WATCH. How if they will not?

DOG. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

WATCH. Well, sir.

DOG. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

WATCH. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not 50 lay hands on him?

DOG. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

VERG. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

DOG. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

VERG. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must 60 call to the nurse and bid her still it.

WATCH. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

DOG. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

VERG. 'T is very true.

SCENE III · MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

DOG. This is the end of the charge: — you, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him. 70

VERG. Nay, by 'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

DOG. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

VERG. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

DOG. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night. Come, neighbour. 80

WATCH. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

DOG. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE

BORA. What, Conrade!

WATCH. [*Aside*] Peace! stir not.

BORA. Conrade, I say! 90

78-79 *keep . . . own*] part of the form of oath administered to the grand jury.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT III

CON. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

BORA. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

CON. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

BORA. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

WATCH. [*Aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

BORA. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.* 101

CON. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

BORA. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

CON. I wonder at it.

BORA. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

CON. Yes, it is apparel. 110

BORA. I mean, the fashion.

CON. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

BORA. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

WATCH. [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; a' has been

93 *scab*] here punningly used in the sense of a low fellow.

104 *villany . . . so rich*] villany should be so richly rewarded. Many editors read *villain* for *villany*, but no change is essential.

SCENE III. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

BORA. Didst thou not hear somebody?

CON. No; 't was the vane on the house.

119

BORA. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

CON. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

130

BORA. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night, — I tell this tale vilely: — I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

CON. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

139

BORA. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by

136 *possessed*] inspired, influenced, instructed. In line 142, *infra*, the word implies "demoniac possession."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT III

the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

FIRST WATCH. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand! 150

SEC. WATCH. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

FIRST WATCH. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

CON. Masters, masters, —

SEC. WATCH. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

CON. Masters, —

FIRST WATCH. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us. 161

BORA. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

155 *lock*] love-lock; a ringlet of hair tied with a ribbon, near the left ear; young men about town commonly wore it. Cf. V, i, 294, *infra*: "A key in his ear, and a *lock* hanging by it."

162-163 *We . . . bills*] There is a quibble on the use of "bills" in its commercial meaning and in the sense of "constable's halberds" (as in line 38, *supra*). The meaning of the ironical sentence is, that merchandise which was obtained by credit on these men's security is likely to prove of "goodly" value.

SCENE IV MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

CON. A commodity in question, I warrant you.
Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — HERO'S APARTMENT

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA

HERO. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

URS. I will, lady.

HERO. And bid her come hither.

URS. Well. [*Exit.*]

MARG. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

HERO. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

MARG. By my troth's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

HERO. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll¹⁰ wear none but this.

MARG. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

164 *commodity in question*] commodity that must undergo trial, whose value has to be tested.

6 *rabato*] The word is used both for a ruff (or stiff collar) and for the wire-support of the ruff. Cf. Cotgrave's *French-Engl. Dict.*, "Rabat, a rebatoe for a woman's ruffe."

12-13 *tire . . . hair*] new headdress or cap to which false hair was attached.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT III

HERO. O, that exceeds, they say.

MARG. By my troth 's but a night-gown in respect of yours, — cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, ²⁰ quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

HERO. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

MARG. 'T will be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

HERO. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

MARG. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, "saving your reverence, a husband": an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I 'll offend nobody: ³⁰ is there any harm in "the heavier for a husband"?

16 *that exceeds*] Cf. "*cela surpasse*" in modern French, and "*this passes*" in *M. Wives*, IV, ii, 133.

17 *a night-gown*] a dressing-gown or wrapper. When the ghost of Hamlet's father appears "in his habit as he lived," III, iv, 102, the stage direction of the First Quarto describes him as entering "in his night-gown," i. e., in the dress of evening leisure, with his armour off.

18 *cuts*] slashed openings in the gown.

19 *down sleeves, side sleeves*] hanging sleeves, long or broad sleeves. The epithets "down" and "side" mean much the same here. Laneham in his *Account of the Entertainment at Kenilworth*, 1575 (p. 50), says that the minstrel's gown "had *side sleeves down* to midleg."

19-20 *round underborne*] lined all-round.

SCENE IV MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE

HERO. Good morrow, coz.

BEAT. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

HERO. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

BEAT. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

MARG. Clap 's into "Light o' love"; that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I 'll dance it.

BEAT. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your ⁴⁰ husband have stables enough, you 'll see he shall lack no barns.

MARG. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

BEAT. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin; 't is time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!

MARG. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

BEAT. For the letter that begins them all, H.

32 *light*] the often repeated quibble on the word's two senses of "wanton" and "without weight."

38 "*Light o' love*"] a popular tune for a dance. The music is extant. No song of the name has been found, but several extant ballads are described as set "to the tune of Light o' Love."

39 *burden*] properly the bass, which no one was at hand to sing on the present occasion.

42 *barns*] a pun on "barns" and "bairns."

43-44 *scorn . . . heels*] kick at that contemptuously. See note on *Merch. of Ven.*, II, ii, 8: "*Scorn running with thy heels.*"

48 *For . . . H*] Because of an *ache*; the letter "H" was pronounced

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT III

MARG. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no
more sailing by the star. 50

BEAT. What means the fool, trow?

MARG. Nothing I; but God send every one their
heart's desire!

HERO. These gloves the count sent me; they are an
excellent perfume.

BEAT. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

MARG. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching
of cold.

BEAT. O, God help me! God help me! how long have
you professed apprehension? 60

MARG. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit be-
come me rarely?

BEAT. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in
your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

MARG. Get you some of this distilled *Carduus Bene-*
dictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for
a qualm.

"ache." Cf. Heywood's *Epigrams*, 1560: "H is worst amongst
letters in the crosserow, For if thou finde him in thine elbow," etc.
49-50 *an you . . . star*] if our trick have not changed your nature
altogether, the stars cannot be trusted as guides for sailors (one
has no faith in anything).

60 *professed apprehension*] practised quickness of wit in repartee. Cf.

II, i, 68, *supra*: "You *apprehend* passing shrewdly."

65-66 *Carduus Benedictus*] an herbal medicine, known also as "the
blessed thistle" and "the plain holy-thistle" of linc 72, *infra*.
The herb was reputed at the end of the 16th century to be of
universal efficacy. Cf. Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1584, cap. 46:
"This herbe (*Carduus Benedictus*) may worthily be called Bene-
dictus or Omnimorbia, that is a salve for euery sore."

SCENE IV MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

HERO. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

BEAT. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus. 70

MARG. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedict was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how 80 you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

BEAT. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

MARG. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA

URS. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedict, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

HERO. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*]

70 *moral*] Cf. *T. of Shrew*, IV, iv, 78: "meaning or *moral*."

79-80 *he eats . . . grudging*] he eats meat with the same zest as other men; he does what other men do.

84 *Not a false gallop*] No jolting, irregular canter, but the pace which is characteristic of a good horse. Cf. *As you like it*, III, ii, 119: "the very *false gallop* of verses."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT III

SCENE V—ANOTHER ROOM IN LEONATO'S HOUSE

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES

LEON. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

DOG. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

LEON. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

DOG. Marry, this it is, sir.

VERG. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

LEON. What is it, my good friends?

DOG. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt¹⁰ as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

VERG. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

DOG. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

LEON. Neighbours, you are tedious.

DOG. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to²⁰ betow it all of your worship.

LEON. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

¹⁵ *palabras*] an abbreviation of the Spanish "pocas palabras" (few words). The phrase appears in the more corrupt form of "pauca pallabris" in *T. of Shrew*, Induction, i, 5.

SCENE V MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

DOG. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 't is; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

VERG. And so am I.

LEON. I would fain know what you have to say.

VERG. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves³⁰ as any in Messina.

DOG. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

LEON. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

DOG. Gifts that God gives.

40

LEON. I must leave you.

DOG. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

LEON. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

DOG. It shall be suffigance.

LEON. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

³⁵ *God's a good man*] a colloquial exclamation in which "man" has merely the significance of "being."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT III

Enter a MESSENGER

MESS. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband. 50

LEON. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.]

DOG. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

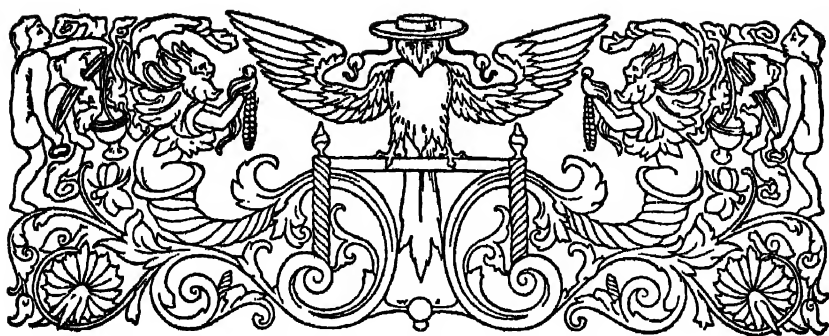
VERG. And we must do it wisely.

DOG. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a noncome: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. *[Exeunt.]*

52 *Francis Seacole*] See III, iii, 10, "George Seacole," and note.

54 *examination*] Thus the Quarto; the Folio needlessly substitutes the more correct *examine*.

57 *noncome*] Dogberry blunders into an abbreviated form of "non compos" when he intends to say "non-plus."

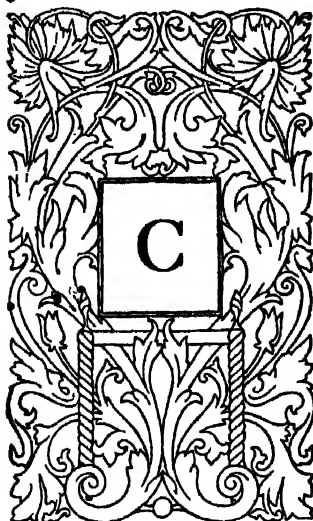


ACT FOURTH — SCENE I

A CHURCH

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, and attendants

LEONATO



COME, FRIAR FRANCIS, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

FRIAR. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

CLAUD. No.

LEON. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

FRIAR. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

HERO. I do.

10

FRIAR. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT IV

CLAUD. Know you any, Hero?

HERO. None, my lord.

FRIAR. Know you any, count?

LEON. I dare make his answer, none.

CLAUD. O, what men dare do! what men may do!
what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

BENE. How now! interjections? Why, then, some ²⁰
be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

CLAUD. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

LEON. As freely; son, as God did give her me.

CLAUD. And what have I to give you back, whose
worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. PEDRO. Nothing, unless you render her again.

CLAUD. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankful-
ness.

There, Leonato, take her back again:

30

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.

Behold how like a maid she blushes here!

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood as modest evidence

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

11-13 *If either . . . utter it*] This is taken directly from the marriage service of the Church of England.

19 *not knowing what they do*] These words are from the Quarto; they are omitted from the Folios.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed; 40
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

LEON. What do you mean, my lord?

CLAUD. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

LEON. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof, .
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity, —

CLAUD. I know what you would say: if I have known
her,

You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:

No, Leonato, 50
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

HERO. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

CLAUD. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write
against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality. 60

HERO. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

LEON. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

55 *write against it*] proclaim against, denounce it. Cf. *Cymb.* II, v, 32:

"I will *write against* them."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT IV

D. PEDRO.

What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

LEON. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. JOHN. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are
true.

BENE. This looks not like a nuptial.

HERO.

True! O God!

CLAUD. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

LEON. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?

CLAUD. Let me but move one question to your
daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

LEON. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

HERO. O, God defend me! how am I beset!

What kind of catechising call you this?

CLAUD. To make you answer truly to your name.

HERO. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

CLAUD.

Marry, that can Hero;

80

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

HERO. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. PEDRO. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Myself, my brother, and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

90

D. JOHN. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

CLAUD. O Hero, what a Hero had'st thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

100

LEON. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Hero swoons.*]

BEAT. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you
down?

91 *liberal*] coarse tongued. Cf. the use of "large," *i. e.* licentious, II, iii, 181, "large jests."

98 *misgovernment*] "Misgoverning" is used in *Lucrece*, 654, in the same sense of "misconduct." "Government" for "conduct" is found in *Hen. VIII*, II, iv, 138.

105 *conjecture*] conjecture of evil, *i. e.* suspicion. This usage is rare.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT IV

D. JOHN. Come, let us go. These things, come thus
to light, 110
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

BENE. How doth the lady?

BEAT. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

LEON. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

BEAT. How now, cousin Hero!

FRIAR. Have comfort, lady.

LEON. Dost thou look up?

FRIAR. Yea, wherefore should she not?

LEON. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny 121
The story that is printed in her blood?

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

111 *Smother . . . up*] "Up" gives the verb intensitive force. Cf. *As you like it*, II, i, 62: "kill them up."

122 *The story that . . . blood*] The story which is discovered to be true by the passage of blood to and fro her face. Cf. the Friar's speech (159-161) *infra*, describing in her face "blushing apparitions" and "angel whiteness."

126 *on the rearward of*] in the rear of, after. Cf. *Sonnet* xc, 6, "Come in the rearward of a conquered woe."

128 *frame*] design or capacity (to give me only one child).

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes? 130
 Why had I not with charitable hand
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
 Who smirched thus and mired with infamy,
 I might have said, "No part of it is mine;
 This shame derives itself from unknown loins"?
 But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
 And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
 That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her, — why, she, O, she is fallen
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea 140
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
 And salt too little which may season give
 To her foul-tainted flesh!

BENE. Sir, sir, be patient.
 For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

BEAT. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

BENE. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

BEAT. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

LEON. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
 Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron! 151
 Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
 Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

FRIAR. Hear me a little;

144 *attired in wonder*] wrapped in, clothed in wonder. Cf. *Lucrece*,
 1601: "*attired in discontent*."

For I have only been silent so long,
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
 A thousand blushing apparitions
 To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames 160
 In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
 Trust not my reading nor my observations,
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some biting error.

LEON. Friar, it cannot be. 170
 Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
 Is that she will not add to her damnation
 A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
 Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
 That which appears in proper nakedness?

FRIAR. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

HERO. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
 If I know more of any man alive
 Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
 Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father, 180
 Prove you that any man with me conversed
 At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight

166-167 *with . . . book*] with the seal or proof of experience doth verify
 the general effect of my reading.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

FRIAR. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

BENE. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

LEON. I know not. If they speak but truth of her, ¹⁹⁰
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

FRIAR. 200 Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

LEON. What shall become of this? what will this do?

200 *To quit . . . thoroughly*] To requite them thoroughly.

209 *What . . . of this ?*] What will come of this, be the consequence?

FRIAR. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf 210

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,
 But on this travail look for greater birth.
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
 Upon the instant that she was accused,
 Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
 Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value, then we find 220
 The virtue that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
 When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
 More moving-delicate and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn, ' 230
 If ever love had interest in his liver,
 And wish he had not so accused her,
 No, though he thought his accusation true.
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

223 *upon his words*] owing to his words. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, i, 244:

"To die *upon* [i. e. by] the hand I love so well."

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING .

But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
 And if it sort not well, you may conceal her, 240
 As best befits her wounded reputation,
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

BENE. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
 And though you know my inwardness and love
 Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
 As secretly and justly as your soul.
 Should with your body.

• LEON. Being that I flow in grief,
 The smallest twine may lead me. 250

FRIAR. 'T is well consented: presently away;
 For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
 Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
 Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*]

BENE. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

• BEAT. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BENE. I will not desire that.

BEAT. You have no reason; I do it freely.

237 *But if . . . false*] Yet if we should reach no more of our aim than
 this, even if we do not rehabilitate Hero altogether, at any rate
 the belief in her death will stay irresponsible, sensational gossip
 about her alleged infamy.

245 *inwardness*] a rare usage for "intimacy," though the adjective
 "inward" i. e. "intimate," is not uncommon.

249 *Being . . . grief*] It being the case that I am immersed in grief

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT IV

BENE. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

BEAT. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me
that would right her! 261

BENE. Is there any way to show such friendship?

BEAT. A very even way, but no such friend.

BENE. May a man do it?

BEAT. It is a man's office, but not yours.

BENE. I do love nothing in the world so well as you:
is not that strange?

BEAT. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as
possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but
believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I
deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin. 271

BENE. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

BEAT. Do not swear, and eat it.

BENE. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will
make him eat it that says I love not you.

BEAT. Will you not eat your word?

BENE. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I
protest I love thee.

BEAT. Why, then, God forgive me!

BENE. What offence, sweet Beatrice? 280

BEAT. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was
about to protest I loved you.

BENE. And do it with all thy heart.

BEAT. I love you with so much of my heart that none
is left to protest.

BENE. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

BEAT. Kill Claudio.

273 *eat it*] eat your oath, your words.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

BENE. Ha! not for the wide world.

BEAT. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

BENE. Tarry, sweet Beatrice. 290

BEAT. I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

BENE. Beatrice, —

BEAT. In faith, I will go.

BENE. We 'll be friends first.

BEAT. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

BENE. Is Claudio thine enemy? 298

BEAT. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour, — O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

BENE. Hear me, Beatrice, —

BEAT. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

BENE. Nay, but, Beatrice, —

BEAT. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone. 310

BENE. Beat—

BEAT. *Places and counties!* Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant,

291 *I am gone, etc.]* My spirit or heart has left me, seeing you care nothing for me, though my body remains here.

301 *bear her in hand]* sustain her with false hopes.

313 *Count Comfect]* a sugar-plum count. "Comfect" is the same word as "comfit," a sweetmeat.

surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving. 320

BENE. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

BEAT. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

BENE. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

BEAT. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

BENE. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — A PRISON

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO

DOG. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

VERG. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

1 Dog.] In the original editions the speaker is here described as *Keeper*, a misprint for "Kemp," i. e. William Kemp, the actor who

SCENE II MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

SEX. Which be the malefactors?

DOG. Marry, that am I and my partner.

VERG. Nay, that 's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

SEX. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

DOG. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend? 10

BORA. Borachio.

DOG. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

CON. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

DOG. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

•CON. }
BORA. } Yea, sir, we hope.

DOG. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to 20
be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

CON. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

played Dogberry. The other speeches of Dogberry in this scene, save two, are given to "Kemp," while those of Verges are assigned to "Cowley" or "Couley," *i. e.* Richard Cowley, the actor, who created that part. The piece was clearly printed from a prompt-copy of the manuscript which was in use in the theatre, and was imperfectly revised for the press.

16-19 *Yea, sir . . . villains*] All these words appear exclusively in the Quarto. Theobald first combined them with the text of the Folio.

18 *God defend*] God forbid. Cf. II, i, 80, *supra*.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT IV

DOG. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

BORA. Sir, I say to you we are none.

DOG. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

SEX. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

DOG. Yea, marry, tha's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

FIRST WATCH. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

DOG. Write down, Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

BORA. Master constable, —

DOG. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

SEX. What heard you him say else?

SEC. WATCH. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

DOG. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

VERG. Yea, by mass, that it is.

SEX. What else, fellow?

24 *I will go about with him*] I will tackle him, as in the expression "to go about (*i. e.* deal with) one's business."

28-29 *they are both in a tale*] they are both committed to one and the same story.

SCENE II MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

FIRST WATCH. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her. 50

DOG. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

SEX. What else?

WATCH. This is all.

SEX. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: 60
I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*]

*DOG. Come, let them be opinioned.

VERG. Let them be in the hands —

CON. Off, coxcomb!

DOG. God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

CON. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

DOG. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down 70
an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.

63-64 *Let . . . coxcomb*] The original editions give all these words to one speaker — Cowley in the Quarto, Sexton in the Folios. Such an arrangement is an obvious error. "Off, coxcomb!" is clearly spoken by Conrade. "Let them be in the hands" is doubtless Verges' halting expression for "let them be bound," "let their hands be tied."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT IV

No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.* 80

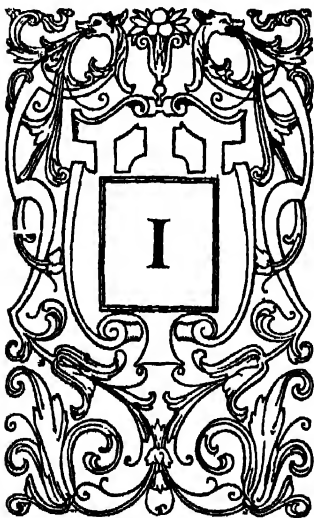
76 *as pretty . . . Messina*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, I, v, 25-26: "As witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria."



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I
BEFORE LEONATO'S HOUSE

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO

ANTONIO



IF YOU GO ON THUS, YOU
will kill yourself;
And 't is not wisdom thus to
second grief
Against yourself.

LEON. I pray thee, cease
thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as
profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me
counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight
mine ear

But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain' for strain,
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
 In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
 If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
 Bid sorrow wag, cry "hem!" when he should groan,
 Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
 With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man: for, brother, men
 Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
 Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
 No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
 But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral when he shall endure
 The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

20

30

16 *Bid sorrow . . . "hem!"*] Capell's correction of the original reading
And sorrow, wagge, crie hem.

18 *candle-wasters*] night revellers.

20-31] For the sentiment cf. *Com. of Errors*, II, i, 34, *seq.*: "A
 wretched soul, bruised with adversity, We bid be quiet when we
 hear it cry," etc.

30 *moral*] full of moral counsel, moralizing. Cf. *Lear*, IV, ii, 58:
 "moral fool."

32 *advertisement*] exhortation; the sense is hardly distinguishable from
 "counsel" in the preceding line.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

ANT. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

LEON. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

ANT. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too. 40

LEON. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

ANT. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO

D. PEDRO. Good den, good den.

CLAUD. Good day to both of you.

LEON. Hear you, my lords, —

D. PEDRO. We have some haste, Leonato.

LEON. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my
lord:

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

D. PEDRO. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man. 50

ANT. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

CLAUD. Who wrongs him?

LEON. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler,
thou: —

38 *made a push at . . . sufferance*] made a stroke of defiance at, defied
fortune and suffering.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT V

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

CLAUD. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

LEON. Tush, tush, man; never flee and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As; under privilege of age, to brag 60
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept, 70
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!

CLAUD. My villany?

LEON. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. PEDRO. You say not right, old man.

LEON. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

CLAUD. Away! I will not have to do with you.

LEON. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my
child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

ANT. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed: 80
 But that's no matter; let him kill one first;
 Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
 Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:
 Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
 Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

LEON. Brother, —

ANT. Content yourself. God knows I loved my
 niece;
 And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
 That dare as well answer a man indeed
 As I dare take a serpent by the tongue: 90
 Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

LEON. Brother Antony, —

ANT. Hold you content. What, man! I know them,
 yea,
 And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple, —
 Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
 That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
 Go antiquely, and show outward hideousness,
 And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
 How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
 And this is all.

LEON. But, brother Antony, —

84 *foining fence*] thrusting fence. Cf. *Lear*, IV, vi, 246: "no matter vor yours *foins*." Cotgrave's synonyms for "coup d'estoc" are "a thrust," "*foine*," "stab."

94 *Scambling*] Scrambling; shifting how they can; playing the reckless adventurer. Cf. Cotgrave's *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*, "*Griffe-graffe*, By hooke or by crooke, *scamblingly*, catch that catch may."

96 *antiquely*] like an antic or buffoon.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT V

ANT.

Come, 't is no matter: 100

Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

D. PEDRO. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your
patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:

But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

LEON. My lord, my lord, —

D. PEDRO. I will not hear you.

LEON. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard.

ANT. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.]

D. PEDRO. See, see; here comes the man we went to
seek. 110

Enter BENEDICK

CLAUD. Now, signior, what news?

BENE. Good day, my lord.

D. PEDRO. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to
part almost a fray.

CLAUD. We had like to have had our two noses
snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. PEDRO. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest
thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too
young for them.

BENE. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I
came to seek you both. 121

CLAUD. We have been up and down to seek thee; for
we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it
beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

BENE. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. PEDRO. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

CLAUD. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. PEDRO. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry? 131

CLAUD. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

BENE. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

CLAUD. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. PEDRO. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

CLAUD. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle. 140

BENE. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

CLAUD. God bless me from a challenge!

BENE. [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villain; I jest not:

128 *draw*] used of minstrels drawing their instruments from their cases.

134 *in the career*] in the full onset. The metaphors are here taken from the practices of tilts and tournaments.

138 *he changes*] *sc.* colour; grows pale.

140 *turn his girdle*] There is ground for assuming that "turning one's girdle" was the accepted signal for offering a challenge. The fuller and commoner term is "to turn the buckle of one's girdle." Both phrases were in common colloquial use for "getting angry."

I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

CLAUD. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. PEDRO. What, a feast, a feast?

149

CLAUD. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

BENE. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. PEDRO. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: "True," said she, "a fine little one." "No," said I, "a great wit:" "Right," says she, "a great gross one." "Nay," said I, "a good wit:" "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody." "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise:" "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman." "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues:" "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, transshape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

CLAUD. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

168

151-153 *calf's-head . . . capon . . . woodcock*] All these words are frequently used as abusive terms implying "stupidity."

160 *a wise gentleman*] ironically used of one careful of his skin.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

D. PEDRO. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

CLAUD. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. PEDRO. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

CLAUD. Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man"? 177

BENE. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then peace be with him. [Exit.

D. PEDRO. He is in earnest.

CLAUD. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. PEDRO. And hath challenged thee.

CLAUD. Most sincerely. 190

D. PEDRO. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

CLAUD. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

174-175 *the savage bull's horns*] See I, i, 226, *supra*, and note.

191-192 *What . . . wit*] What an inconsistent fool man is when he keeps his clothes on but divests himself of his understanding.

194 *an ape . . . man*] an ape has more wisdom than such a man.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT V

D. PEDRO. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO

DOG. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. PEDRO. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one! 201

CLAUD. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. PEDRO. Officers, what offence have these men done?

DOG. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. PEDRO. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what 's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge. 212

CLAUD. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there 's one meaning well suited.

D. PEDRO. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what 's your offence? 217

195 *pluck up, my heart, and be sad*] rouse yourself, my heart, and prepare for serious consequences.

214 *one meaning well suited*] one meaning put into a goodly number of dresses. The prince puts one question in four different ways.

SCENE I MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

BORA. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments: how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain. 230

• D. PEDRO. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

CLAUD. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. PEDRO. But did my brother set thee on to this?

BORA. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. PEDRO. He is composed and framed of treachery: And fled he is upon this villany.

CLAUD. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

DOG. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass. 240

VERG. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT V

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton

LEON. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

BORA. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

LEON. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast
kill'd

Mine innocent child?

BORA. Yea, even I alone.

250

LEON. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds:
'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

CLAUD. I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking.

260

D. PEDRO. By my soul, nor I:
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

LEON. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
 And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
 To-morrow morning come you to my house;
 And since you could not be my son-in-law,
 Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
 Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
 And she alone is heir to both of us:
 Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
 And so dies my revenge.

270

CLAUD. O noble sir,
 Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
 I do embrace your offer; and dispose
 For henceforth of poor Claudio.

280

• LEON. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;
 To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
 Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
 Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
 Hired to it by your brother.

BORA. No, by my soul, she was not;
 Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me;
 But always hath been just and virtuous
 In any thing that I do know by her.

289

DOG. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white
 and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me
 ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punish-

276 *she alone is heir*] This is a careless inconsistency with I, ii, 1-2, *supra*, where Antonio is credited with a son, of whom nothing further is heard.

285 *pack'd*] in conspiracy, in collusion. Cf. *Com. of Errors*, V, i, 219-220: "That goldsmith there, were he not *pack'd* with her, Could witness it."

ment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

LEON. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

DOG. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you. 301

LEON. There 's for thy pains.

DOG. God save the foundation!

LEON. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

DOG. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour. 311

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

LEON. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

ANT. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. PEDRO. We will not fail.

CLAUD. To-night I 'll mourn with Hero.

294 *a key in his ear, and a lock*] "Key" is punningly suggested by the "lock" (of hair). See III, iii, 155, *supra*, and note: "A' wears a lock."

308 *God save the foundation!*] God save the founders!—the ordinary form of thanks of those who receive alms at the gates of religious houses.

SCENE II MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

LEON. [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellows on.
We'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE II — LEONATO'S GARDEN

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting

BENE. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

MARG. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

BENE. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

MARG. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

BENE. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; ¹⁰ it catches.

MARG. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

BENE. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

MARG. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

8-9 *shall I . . . stairs?*] shall I always keep in the servants' hall, always be a maid-servant and never get married?

15-16 *I give . . . bucklers*] A common phrase for "I yield," "give up my shields of defence."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT V

BENE. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

MARG. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

BENE. And therefore will come. [Exit Margaret.]

[Sings] The god of love,
 That sits above,
 And knows me, and knows me,
 How pitiful I deserve, —

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to “lady” but “baby,” an innocent rhyme; for “scorn,” “horn,” a hard rhyme; for “school,” “fool,” a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

19 *pikes with a vice*] spikes commonly fastened with a “vice,” or “screw,” to the centre of a shield or buckler.

23–26 *The god . . . deserve*] The opening verse of a song by William Elderton, the ballad-monger. The tune seems to have been very popular, and many different sets of words were penned to it.

29 *carpet-mongers*] frequenters of ladies’ chambers; effeminate carpet-knights. Cf. *Tw. Night*, III, iv, 225: “Knight . . . on *carpet* consideration.”

37 *festival terms*] ornate language. See *M. Wives*, III, ii, 59, and note: “He speaks holiday.”

SCENE II MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING •

Enter BEATRICE

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

BEAT. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

BENE. O, stay but till then! 40

BEAT. "Then" is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

BENE. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

BEAT. Foul words is but foul wind,*and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

BENE. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must ⁵⁰ shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

BEAT. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

BENE. Suffer love, — a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

BEAT. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! ⁶⁰ If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

42 *with that I came*] with what I came for.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT V

BENE. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

BEAT. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

BENE. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

BEAT. And how long is that, think you? 70

BENE. Question: why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

BEAT. Very ill.

BENE. And how do you?

BEAT. Very ill too.

BENE. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I 80
leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA

URS. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been

67 *in the time of good neighbours*] when men were not envious of one another, but lived in neighbourly affection, each giving the other his due.

71 *Question: why, an hour in clamour*] That is indeed a question. The answer is, the bell sounds for one hour, and the widow's tears last for a quarter of an hour.

83 *old coil*] great stir.

SCENE III MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

BEAT. Will you go hear this news, signior?

BENE. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.* 90]

SCENE III — A CHURCH

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and three or four with tapers

CLAUD. Is this the monument of Leonato?

A LORD. It is, my lord.

CLAUD. [*Reading out of a scroll*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies.

So the life that died with shame

Lives in death with glorious fame.

• Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG

Pardon, goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight;

84 *mightily abused*] terribly deceived. Cf. *Lear*, IV, vii, 53.

13 *knight*] For "knight" in sense of *female votary*, see note on *All's Well*, I, iii, 106.

For the which, with songs of woe,
 Round about her tomb they go.
 Midnight, assist our moan;
 Help us to sigh and groan,
 Heavily, heavily:
 Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
 Till death be uttered,
 Heavily, heavily.

20

CLAUD. Now, unto thy bones good night!
 Yearly will I do this rite.

D. PEDRO. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
 The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
 Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
 Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
 Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

CLAUD. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. PEDRO. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
 And then to Leonato's we will go.

CLAUD. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
 Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.

[*Exeunt.*]

20 *uttered*] The context seems to require that "uttered" shall mean here "put out," "put away," "vanquished." No precise parallel has been found. The commonly accepted explanation that "uttered" means "published," "commemorated in song," hardly gives the sense required.

21 *Heavily, heavily*] This is the reading of the Quarto, for which the Folios substitute *Heavenly, heavenly*. "Heavenly" has been explained to mean "by the power of heaven." But the misprint *heavenly* for *heavily* is frequent in the First Folio.

SCENE IV MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING •

SCENE IV—A ROOM IN LEONATO'S HOUSE

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET,
URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, *and* HERO

FRIAR. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

LEON. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

ANT. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

BENE. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

LEON. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, 10
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.

[Exeunt Ladies.]

The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

ANT. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

BENE. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

FRIAR. To do what, signior?

BENE. To bind me, or undo me; one of them. 20
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

17 *confirm'd*] firm, steady, unmoved. Cf. *Cor.*, I, iii, 59: "has such a
confirmed countenance," i. e. a steady firm look.

LEON. That eye my daughter lent her: 't is most true.

BENE. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

LEON. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince: but what's your will?

BENE. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage:

30

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

LEON. My heart is with your liking.

FRIAR. And my help.

Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, and two or three others

D. PEDRO. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

LEON. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

CLAUD. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiopie.

LEON. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready.

[Exit Antonio.]

D. PEDRO. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's
the matter,

40

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

CLAUD. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;

38 *Ethiopie*] See note on *Merch. of Ven.*, III, ii, 99.

43 *the savage bull*] See I, i, 226, *supra*, and note.

SCENE IV MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

**As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.**

BENE. Bull Jōve, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

CLAUD. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

ANT. This same is she, and I do give you her.

CLAUD. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

LEON. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

CLAUD. Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.

HERO. And when I lived, I was your other wife: 60

[Unmasking.

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

CLAUD. Another Hero!

HERO. Nothing certainer:

One Hero died defiled; but I do live,

And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. PEDRO. The former Hero! Hero that is dead! •

LEON. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

53 *seize upon*] a legal term for "take possession of."

63 *defiled*] This is the reading of the Quarto; the word is omitted in the Folios, no doubt by a printer's error.

FRIAR. All this amazement can I qualify;
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I 'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

70

BENE. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

BEAT. [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name. What is
your will?

BENE. Do not you love me?

BEAT. Why, no; no more than reason.

BENE. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and
Claudio

Have been deceived; they swore you did.

BEAT. Do not you love me?

BENE. Troth, no; no more than reason.

BEAT. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

BENE. They swore that you were almost sick for me. ⁸⁰

BEAT. They swore that you were well-nigh dead
for me.

BENE. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

BEAT. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

LEON. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

CLAUD. And I 'll be sworn upon 't that he loves her;
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

HERO. And here 's another,

70 *Meantime . . . familiar*] For the present, let us regard these wonder-
ful occurrences as ordinary events.

SCENE IV MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick. 90

BENE. A miracle! here 's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

BEAT. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

BENE. Peace! I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*]

D. PEDRO. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man? 98

BENE. I 'll tell thee what, prince; a' college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou ~~think~~ I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, 'live unbruised, and love my cousin. 108

CLAUD. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

BENE. Come, come, we are friends: let 's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ACT V

LEON. We 'll have dancing afterward.

BENE. First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger

MESS. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, 120
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

BENE. Think not on him till to-morrow: I 'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers. [*Dance.*
[*Exeunt.*

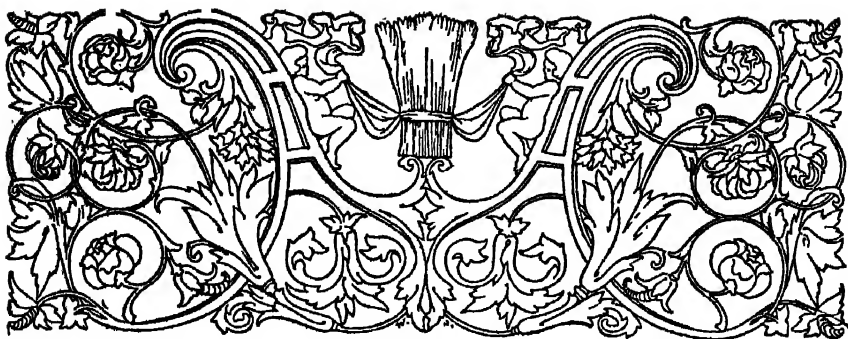
119 *staff . . . tipped with horn*] Such a staff was commonly carried by veterans holding dignified offices. There is an obvious quibble suggested by the risk of wearing horns, on account of their wives' frailty, which husbands were always supposed to run.

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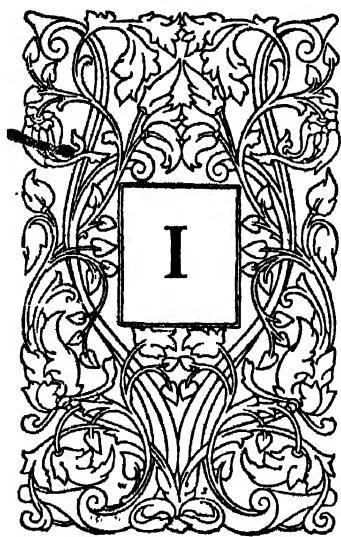


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INTRODUCTION



N more senses than one "As You Like It" is an unusual play. In its own period it was unusual. In the corpus of Shakespeare's plays it is nearly unique. Technically, it is unusual.

Within the decade 1590-1600 "As You Like It" is unusual, because it is, roughly speaking, a pastoral play. In the strict sense of the word "pastoral," a play dealing wholly with the loves of shepherds and shepherdesses, and filled with details of their habits and sports, at least as conventionally represented in fiction, no specimen surely given on the public stage before 1600 survives. George Peele in his *Arraignment of Paris* (1581?), in the sub-plot of Colin and Thestylis, breaks the way, but for the strictly pastoral play we must turn

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to "The Sad Shepherd" of Ben Jonson (1635?) or to John Fletcher's "Sad Shepherdess" (*circa* 1608). "As You Like It" is a pastoral rather in the sense put upon the word by Samuel Johnson: "a poem in which any action or passion is represented in its effect on a country life." This, too, before 1598, is rare in the English drama. Before that date even an artificial feeling for nature, to say nothing of genuine regard, is rare enough. Robert Greene has slight touches in the sub-plot of Lacy and Margaret of Fressingfield in "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay." George Peele, in his "Arraignment of Paris" and "Old Wives' Tale," curiously mingles frigid classical allusion with evidences of close observation of nature. There are some touches in the plays of John Lyly. It is, of course, possible that plays no longer extant would increase this list if we had them, for in Act IV of "The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington," Little John speaks as if plays full of outdoor life had not been uncommon:

"Methinks, I see no jests of Robin Hood,
No merry morrices of Friar Tuck,
No pleasant skippings up and down the wood,
No hunting songs, no coursing of the buck."

But the treatment of nature in these rustic scenes was, very probably, purely conventional, or there may have been little or no attempt to gain an added interest by fresh touches of nature; for in the extant plays preceding 1598, which might be expected, because they deal with Robin Hood, to show considerable feeling for

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nature, there is little or nothing of the sort. In fact, in the two plays in question, "George a Greene," entered in the *Stationers' Register* in 1595, and attributed to Robert Greene, and in the "Edward I" of Peele, even the Robin Hood material provides very little. It is, therefore, so far as extant plays are concerned, in Shakespeare himself — in his lyrics, in bits of description, in simile and metaphor — that we first find steady appreciation and simple presentation of nature.

There was evidently a vogue between 1598 and 1600 for plays which concerned themselves with life in field and forest, for in 1598 was licensed a two-part play by Munday and Chettle, not printed till 1601, — "The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington," and "The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntington." In 1600 appeared "Look About You," and in 1600-01 was acted a non-extant play, "Robin Hood's Pen'orths." In 1599 there is record in Henslowe's "Diary" of payments for two plays which have not survived, — George Chapman's "Pastoral Tragedy" and "The Arcadian Virgin" of Chettle and Haughton. Circa 1600 Lyly's "Love's Metamorphosis" was revived and the play of imitative title and nature, "The Maid's Metamorphosis," was given. In the light of present evidence it is impossible to settle the question whether "As You Like It" by its success created this vogue or was merely the most artistic example of it. Certainly it is not on the list of Shakespeare's plays given by Francis Meres in his "Palladis Tamia" in the autumn of 1598, but it is not indubitably clear that that list is inclusive or infallible.

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The quotation in the fifth scene of the third act, from Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," published in 1598, —

"Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Whoever loved that loved not at first sight.'"

has rather arbitrarily been held to date the play, for surely Shakespeare, a disciple, and even, in all probability, a collaborator of Marlowe, would have been likely to know the poem long before in manuscript. What is certain is that the play was entered in the *Stationers' Register* as follows:

4 Agustl

As you like yt/ a booke
Henry the Ffift / a booke
Euery man in his humour/ a booke to be staid
The commedie of muche A doo about nothing
a booke/

From entries preceding and following this, critics are now well agreed that the date is 1600. Dr. Furness argues skilfully and cogently to prove that the cause of the staying was the already well-established tendency of Roberts to try to publish books properly controlled by others. When the three companion plays next appear in the *Register*, later in the same month, they are certainly in the hands of other publishers. "As You Like It," however, seems never to have been printed before the 1623 Folio. The date of composition most commonly assigned by critics is 1599.

What is noteworthy in all of the plays mentioned as plays of outdoor life which are extant, is that they were

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not in the least written to make nature interesting on the stage, but rather aimed, in recounting the doings of outlaws or shepherds, to use an interest in nature already stimulated, or to be stimulated, as a new element making for the variety so dear to the heart of the Elizabethan dramatist and playgoer. Even among these few plays, too, there is no comedy of just the same kind as Shakespeare's. "The Downfall" gives to a mingling of history and romantic legend a touch of nature. Of the same type is "Edward I." In "George a Greene" legend predominates. "The Arraignment of Paris," "Love's Metamorphosis," and "The Maid's Metamorphosis," deal with gods and goddesses or those who people mythland. In material and in emphasis "As You Like It" differs from its fellows. It so sets genuine romance that woodland charm is one of the chief attractions of the play. What is there, too, in Shakespeare's own work like it? There was opportunity in "Love's Labour's Lost" for a similar use of nature, but there Shakespeare let it appear only in rare touches, like those in the lyrics at the end of the play. In "As You Like It" we are steadily made to feel close to nature. There is nothing of that in "Love's Labour's Lost." No, except for touches here and there which reveal Shakespeare in all his work as the patient and loving observer of Nature's moods and ways, we must look to the second half of "The Winter's Tale" for any such pervasive atmosphere of the open air as we find in "As You Like It." Within its own period, within the group of Shakespeare's plays, "As You Like It," then, is unusual.

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As I have already said, in no strict sense is the play a pastoral. This is no genuine tale of shepherds and shepherdesses. Though Corin, Sylvius, and Phebe tend flocks, though Rosalind and Celia live in a shepherd's hut, Shakespeare puts no emphasis on the manners and customs of the shepherds, but rather on the love story of all his figures as merely human beings. His emphasis for local colour and atmosphere comes instead in the brief scenes of the banished Duke and his companions. If the difference between what is and what might have been is not clear to a reader, let him turn to "The Faithful Shepherdess" or "The Sad Shepherd" and speedily it will be. As is always the case with Shakespeare after he passes, with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the initial stage of his work, he individualises the conventional, humanises and simplifies the artificial and purely literary, bringing it all into relation with life as his audience knew and could understand it. What primarily interested him in writing the play was so to repeat a story known in Thomas Lodge's novel, "Rosalynde," that even those of his hearers who already were acquainted with it should find it so superior in the retelling as to be of absorbing interest.

Dr. Furness has urged that the difference between the Clown of the second scene of the play¹ and the Touchstone of the fifth act, as well as certain un-Shakespearean weaknesses felt here and there in the last act, may mean that an older play from Lodge's novel was carefully,

¹ The name appears first in Act II, Sc. iv. Theobald first called the Clown of Act I, Sc. ii, this.

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except in these respects, made over by Shakespeare *circa* 1598. But why not an earlier play on the same subject by the dramatist himself? While it is true, as Dr. Furness urges, that if he first wrote the play in 1598, it is hardly probable Touchstone would seem two different people, it is not at all impossible that in rapidly making over an old play of his own he might let an early scene stand much as originally planned, and then, when he had greatly changed later scenes, fail to bring the first appearance of the Clown into entire accord with the revisions further on. Certainly Shakespeare nods occasionally in such ways; for instance, just because he is so full of his source, he fails to make the cause in "King John" for the Bastard's hatred of Austria as clear as it was in his source, "The Troublesome Raigne." "Romeo and Juliet," and above all "Hamlet," show also how ready he was to make over his work when opportunity came. Lodge's "Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie," was first printed in 1590, but the first extant edition is that of 1592. There was another edition in 1598; indeed there were ten between 1590 and 1642. When one remembers that the Elizabethan dramatists were the reporters of their day, does it not seem likely there was by 1593 some play on a story which had passed through two editions between 1590 and 1592 and had lasting quality enough to keep it popular for over fifty years?

What also suggests an earlier date than 1598 for the first writing of "As You Like It" is the closeness with which it follows the novel. Usually, even in the chronicle plays, in which Shakespeare shows a stronger sense of

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fact than his contemporary dramatists, he departs freely and largely from his sources. Moreover, though a hard and fast principle probably cannot be laid down, he is on the whole freer with his sources as his work advances. In "As You Like It" he borrows all the principal incidents and characters of Lodge's novel. Though he adds Jaques, Touchstone, Audrey, William, Le Beau, Dennis, Sir Oliver Martext, Amiens, and the First Lord, he but very slightly changes the situations of the novel except in so far as highly developing the characters provided him must affect them somewhat. That is, his method is to change rather by adding than by working over thoroughly the original story.

What previous experience told Shakespeare, as he mulled over Lodge's story, was that the love story of Orlando and Rosalind lacks large emotional significance, and does not contain the seemingly inextricable complication which a play of absorbing story and stirring incident must possess. When Rosalind and Orlando once meet in the Forest of Arden, she has only to reveal herself to bring the story to an end. All that stands between is her desire to test him, her truly feminine wish to tease. There is no real dramatic barrier, no complication which keeps a reader in suspense as to the way in which the lovers may be brought together. Compare the central story here with that of "Much Ado about Nothing." Here is naught to excite and thrill an audience as does the tale of Claudio and Hero, with its misunderstandings, jealousies, and tragic moments. There we have clash of character with character, and complication, which

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seems inextricable, in the effect on Claudio of the slandering of Hero by Don Pedro's hirelings. The story is meant to create suspense early and to keep an audience emotionally tense even to the end. In "Twelfth Night," too, the Duke, whom Viola loves, cares not for her, but for Olivia, who in turn loves Viola, thinking her a youth. This means a conflict of wills productive of moving scenes. Both of these plays, in other words, make a strong and varied appeal to the emotions of the audience. So far as Orlando and Rosalind are concerned, the complications for them are less even than for Beatrice and Benedick. The misrepresentations of Benedick and Beatrice to each other by Leonato and Claudio complicate their wooing badly. Scene ii of Act V in "As You Like It" shows how completely Rosalind controls the *dénouement* of the play. When Orlando tells her of the speedy marriage of Celia and Oliver she says: "If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her." Indeed, as any careful reader must note, the angry banishment of Rosalind by the Duke in Act I gives promise of complications for Rosalind which never appear. The first act is so stormy that it prepares a hearer for a play of bustling action later; but such action fails to appear. Such a contrast between this act and the mood of the other acts is more suggestive of the contrast between the almost tragic opening of "The Comedy of Errors" and the farce of its main scenes than of any other play of Shakespeare before 1600. There can be no question, then, that the main dependence of "As You

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Like It " is not upon a complicated central story. The appeal of " As You Like It " is, frankly, delicate rather than powerful, intellectual rather than emotional, to the educated, the cultivated, rather than to the untrained mind.

A play built directly from Lodge's material must depend not on dramatic situation, but on attractive characterisation of the *dramatis personae*, on graceful and charming speech, and upon much variety instead of much intensity of interest. That is, its means must be literary rather than essentially dramatic. Now experience long, long ago demonstrated that in the theatre it is situation which can be depended on, above everything else, to win and hold the attention of a large audience. Take away, not story entirely, but the complication in story which keeps an audience in suspense, eager for a solution favourable to the heroine or annihilating to the villain, and what is to hold the public? Character may, but if so it must provide some decidedly attractive or interesting figures. What holds most in characterisation is the clash of wills which produces dramatic situations; but, as we have seen, in the scenes of Orlando and Rosalind such clashes are absent. Though Shakespeare contrasts Celia and Rosalind, though Orlando and the disguised Rosalind may seem to clash in their talk of Orlando's love, there is no real combat of wills. It is in Rosalind's relations to Phebe that the only real complication in the love story comes. Yet Shakespeare does not make even that in any way complicate the relations of Orlando and Rosalind as he makes the slandering of Hero bring Ben-

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edick and Beatrice to an understanding. It is noteworthy, too, that all the strongly emotional moments come early in the play,—in the wrestling scene, the banishment of Rosalind, and the flight of Orlando and Adam. Once in the Forest of Arden, all real anxieties are over; Rosalind and Celia are free to play with their moods and to indulge in badinage with Orlando; Touchstone can quaintly soliloquise; and Jaques may philosophise as the days slip by. Action in the ordinary sense is kept off the stage. We hear of the rescue of the brother Oliver; of the conversion of the usurping Duke; we are told that Celia and Oliver fall head over ears in love at sight; but nothing of all this are we allowed to see in action. I dwell on this absence of complicated plotting, of dramatic action, of emotional appeal in the main figures, for it points to the emphasis intended by the dramatist. When we know that, his underlying purpose in the play must reveal itself.

Evidently Shakespeare's interest in this play went much where it did in "Love's Labour's Lost"—on characterisation and dialogue. As was true in that play, here he depends much on variety of appeal rather than on a story of emotional significance. There we had Don Armado, Jaquenetta, Costard, Holofernes, Moth, and Will, each with his own special interest for the audience, but all slightly and arbitrarily connected with the main story. Here we have Touchstone, Audrey, Jaques, William, the foresters, and the singing pages, all added to the original fable, not to complicate the main story but to give varied interest. The additions in "As You Like

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It " are, however, somewhat better connected with their main story. But there are other similarities between the two plays. Just as the performance of "The Nine Worthies" helps in "Love's Labour's Lost" to bring the play to an end, so Hymen here is introduced, by no means inevitably, in order to provide an appeal always gratifying to the Elizabethans, enthusiastic as they were over masques. Yet, though the connection of the new figures with Rosalind and Orlando may be better than the massing of the material in "Love's Labour's Lost," they are not so essential to the development of the main story as are Sir Toby and Sir Andrew in "Twelfth Night" and Dogberry and Verges in "Much Ado about Nothing." Neither of these plays could reach its *dénouement* without the aid of the characters named. Jaques, Touchstone, Audrey, William, Sir Oliver Martext, are in no way essential to the working out of the love story of Oliver and Rosalind. Are the foresters needed for more than atmosphere and spectacle?

The truth is, phrase, dialogue for its own sake, plays a greater part proportionately here than in either of the other two great comedies. In "Much Ado," phrase for the sake of phrase is largely confined to the Beatrice-Benedick scenes, and in "Twelfth Night" it is marked chiefly in scenes between the Duke and Viola or between Viola and Olivia. In "As You Like It" the interest in phrase pervades the play. Jaques exists for his philosophising. The foresters were created to sing and comment on the woodland life, producing an atmosphere for the whole play. Touchstone

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lives by and for his whimsical truths. The chief scenes of *Rosalind and Orlando* savour of the word-combat. Does not all this sound reminiscent of “*Love’s Labour’s Lost*?” Even on their first appearance *Rosalind* and *Celia* fall to making epigrams: —

CEL. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

ROS. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CEL. ’Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

•

Or they bandy quips and quiddities with *Touchstone*. He in turn splits hairs as he counters on the slow-witted *Corin*. When *Jaques* enters after the finding of the sonnets, *Orlando* proves a very stage interlocutor to draw out the fancies of the fertile brain of *Jaques*. Even the interest of the mock marriage of *Orlando* and *Rosalind* arises from her wit as it flashes hither and thither, lighting up the whole scene. In all of these scenes, and in many more, it is not doing but saying which counts. One has only to contrast Scene v of Act III, the first meeting of *Rosalind* and *Phebe*, to grasp the difference between movement by emotionalised situation and movement by clever dialogue. The grip of this scene on the attention is much swifter and stronger than that of surrounding scenes. Evidently, then, “*As You Like It*” was written in a mood not unlike that which produced

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“Love’s Labour’s Lost.” Since, too, the appeal of phrase is largely intellectual, the play was probably aimed primarily at a cultivated audience who could and would respond. Even in Elizabethan days the wit combat and pleasure in sonneteering got their vogue from the Court or the University set, and took hold of the people only as something from the outside, something superimposed.

To say all this is not, however, to wish to derogate at all from the skill of the phrasing. It is far more brilliant than in “Love’s Labour’s Lost.” Indeed it is so much in and of the characters speaking that it in large part loses the self-consciousness so marked in “Love’s Labour’s Lost.” In truth, the gain in characterising power is even greater than in skill in proportioning and massing the various elements of interest into what at first sight seems a plot of the usual kind.

In the earlier play the main figures existed only for their speeches. Beyond them, even in them, they revealed little of themselves. They are too much like the skilled conversationalist to-day, who can talk fascinatingly on any subject, yet reveal nothing of his own personality. On the other hand the humanity, the individuality of Rosalind, Celia, Touchstone, Jaques, even of the lesser characters, are what have for generations endeared them to readers and theatre-goers. Moreover, to compare the original dialogue of Lodge and that of Shakespeare is to discover the difference between dialogue consciously artificial and dialogue humanly possible even if somewhat *précieux*, between dialogue largely

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characterless and dialogue that portrays even as it entertains. Here is Ganimede's answer according to Lodge, when Phebe confesses her love for him: "Water not thy plants, Phoebe, for I do pity thy complaints, nor seek not to discover thy love in teares: for I conjecture thy truth by thy passions: sorrow is no salve for loves, nor sighs no remedy for affection. Therefore frolick, Phoebe, for if Ganimede can cure thee, doubt not of recovery. Yet this let me say without offence, that it grieves me to thwart Montanus [Silvius] in his fancies, seeing his desires have been so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall: but thou alledgest that thou art forst from him by fate: so I telle thee, Phoebe, either some starre, or else some destenie, filtest my mind rather with Adonis to die in chase, than to be counted a wanton on Venus knee. Although I pitie thy martyrdome, yet I can grant no marriage."

Rosalind's speech under similar conditions shows Shakespeare's acquired mastery of dramatic dialogue, that epitome of compacted suggestion:

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 't is such fools as you

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That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Lodge wrote wholly from the point of view of his characters. Absorbed in phrase-making, the speaker reveals himself but little. Shakespeare, standing outside, makes his *dramatis personae* so to speak that each reveals himself as the dramatist sees him. Merely literary phrasing is replaced by selected connotative and characterising phrase.

"As You Like It" technically stands, therefore, midway between such purely literary work as "Love's Labour's Lost," and such perfect plays in the usual sense of the word as "Much Ado about Nothing" and "Twelfth Night." It humanises the literary experimenting of Lodge; it gives it new interest, both by enriched characterisation and by adding new and convincing figures; but, it still does not transmute the actionless story of Lodge into a play of dramatic situation. "As You Like It," like "A Midsummer Night's Dream," stands between a masque and the play as ordinarily understood by the great public. That it should have been for genera-

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tions a favourite shows how completely Shakespeare conquered the difficulties offered by his absence of plot in the usual sense of the word.

What the play possesses in large measure, and what constitutes a large part of its charm, is its atmosphere of the woods and outdoor life. It is worth while to note how simply and yet how skilfully Shakespeare produces this outdoor effect. We to-day feel it throughout, because of our elaborate setting of the stage. Consequently we are sure that the whole play is full of deft touches bringing this result. But really for the Elizabethan, as for the reader to-day, the effect is produced by four scenes only, — the first, the fifth, and the seventh of Act II, and the second scene of Act IV. It is curious, too, that all but one of these scenes are brief, a song or a few speeches merely in passing. Even in the exception, the dialogue is not lengthened for more of the woodland effect, but because Orlando coming upon the scene in eager search of food for Old Adam, creates forthwith a dramatic situation. Promptly the woodland part becomes wholly subordinate. Here shows the hand of the trained dramatist. By 1598 Shakespeare knew well that if in the early part of a play we create a sense of place, an atmosphere, it will persist, unless we markedly shift our ground later. He knew that when we are once imbued with the spirit of the Forest of Arden, as long as now and then Jaques, or another who has shared in those scenes of atmosphere, behaves or talks as he then did, we shall supply from the earlier part the necessary background. The restraint, the sureness of touch, the confidence that the public would

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enjoy so delicate an intellectual pleasure as is appreciation of atmosphere — all this is very significant. It shows that by 1598 Shakespeare was so sure of his relation to his audience and his work, that he dared to work with a few strokes; that he knew the exact value of his materials for the ends he had in view; and that his audience was probably special rather than that of the regular theatre.

Because of the similarity of this play technically to "Love's Labour's Lost"; because its appeal is steadily intellectual by its emphasis on phrase, and on characterisation for its own sake; because of its substitution of variety in interest for intensity of interest, I suspect "As You Like It" was originally written for some special occasion, probably some out-of-doors festivity before a highly cultivated audience. I should guess, following the lead of Dr. Furness, that the original appeared not long after the first printing of Lodge's "Rosalynde" in 1590, and in the neighbourhood of the first form of "Love's Labour's Lost," and that after a lapse of years it was carefully reworked *circa* 1598.

Made out of next to nothing, dramatically speaking, "As You Like It" has for generations been a special favourite on the stage through its humour, wit, surely and swiftly differentiated characterisation, and the flexibility and beauty of its verse, — in a word, its masterly combination of witchery and truth to life. It is the "most exquisite fooling" to be found in Shakespeare's plays.

GEORGE P. BAKER.

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ ¹

DUKE, living in banishment.

FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, }
JAQUES, } lords attending on the banished Duke.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, }
DENNIS, } servants to Oliver.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, }
SYLVIVS, } shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE — *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the
Forest of Arden*

¹ This play, which was first printed in the First Folio in 1623, is there divided into acts and scenes. There is no list of *Dramatis Personæ*. This was supplied for the first time in Rowe's edition of 1709.



ACT FIRST—SCENE I
ORCHARD OF OLIVER'S HOUSE

ORLANDO

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.



S I REMEMBER, ADAM, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred

² *bequeathed me, etc.*] This sentence lacks a subject. It is possible that "he" was omitted before "bequeathed" by a typographical

better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding,¹⁰ they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer en-²⁰ dure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

error. It is so obvious that Orlando is talking of his father's bequest that a corrector of the press could not be severely blamed for the accidental elision.

4 *My brother Jaques*] This character, Sir Rowland de Boys' second son, only plays a small part at the end of the last act, where the folio editions call him "second brother" and Rowe and later editors "Jaques de Boys." In Lodge's story of *Rosalynd*, on which Shakespeare based his play, the character is called Ferdinand. That Shakespeare should have bestowed the same name on a far more important personage of his own creation, the banished Duke's cynical companion, is proof of hasty composition and of defective revision. Cf. note on I, ii, 74, *infra*.

15 *countenance*] Cf. Selden's *Table Talk* (Art. "Fines"): "If you will come unto my house, I will show you the best *countenance* I can," i. e. not the best face, but the best entertainment.

18 *mines . . . education*] undermines or destroys the gentleness of my birth and nature, by means of my bringing up.

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ORL. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER

OLI. Now, sir! what make you here?

ORL. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLI. What mar you then, sir?

ORL. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness. 30

OLI. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

OLI. Know you where you are, sir?

ORL. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

OLI. Know you before whom, sir?

ORL. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle con- 40
dition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

31 *be naught awhile*] a colloquial form of imprecation, "be hanged to you."

45-46 *your coming . . . reverence*] your priority of birth more closely

OLI. What, boy!

ORL. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLI. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain? 50

ORL. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

ADAM. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLI. Let me go, I say.

ORL. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My 60 father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLI. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me. 70

associates you with the respect which was his due. The chief share of the father's reputation descends to his eldest born.

48-49 *Come, come . . . young in this*] Cf. the elder brother's remark in Lodge's story of *Rosalynd*, "Though I am *eldest* by birth, yet never having attempted any deeds of arms, I am *youngest* to perform any martial exploits."

ORL. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

OLI. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[Exeunt Orlando and Adam.]

OLI. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS

DEN. Calls your worship?

80

OLI. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

DEN. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

OLI. Call him in. *[Exit Dennis.]* 'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES

CHA. Good morrow to your worship.

OLI. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

CHA. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

OLI. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

CHA. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do. 103

OLI. Where will the old Duke live?

CHA. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. 109

OLI. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

CHA. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came

105 *forest of Arden*] Lodge, like Shakespeare, makes the scene of his story "the forest of *Ardennes*," in Flanders (now Belgium). But the dramatist's familiarity with the English forest of *Arden* in Warwickshire, near his native town of Stratford-on-Avon, probably coloured his allusions to woodland scenery in the play.

hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will. 122

OLI. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles:—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 140

CHA. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

OLI. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now

133 *grace himself on thee*] get grace or honour at your expense.

will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. ¹⁵⁴

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II—LAWN BEFORE THE
DUKE'S PALACE

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

CEL. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROS. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CEL. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee. ¹⁰

ROS. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CEL. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father pefforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. 20

ROS. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

CEL. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

ROS. What shall be our sport, then?

CEL. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally. 30

ROS. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CEL. 'T is true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

ROS. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to

28-29 *Fortune . . . wheel*] Cf. *Hen. V*, III, vi, 32-34: "*Fortune is painted . . . with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation.*"

Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE

CEL. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, ⁴⁰ may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

ROS. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

CEL. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural, for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the ⁵⁰ whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

TOUCH. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CEL. Were you made the messenger?

TOUCH. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

ROS. Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCH. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour

⁴⁹ *reason of*] discuss about. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, iii, 54, "I am debating of my present store," and *ibid.* II, viii, 27, "I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday."

⁵¹ *wit! whither wander you?*] a proverbial phrase serving as a check on too abundant a flow of conversation. The cognate form IV, i, 149, *infra*, "Wit! whither wilt?" is more frequently met with. Malone conjectured that the words formed part of some lost madrigal.

they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught; now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not⁶⁰ the knight forsworn.

CEL. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

ROS. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCH. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

CEL. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCH. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he⁷⁰ never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

CEL. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

TOUCH. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CEL. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

⁷⁴ *old Frederick, your father*] The reference here must be to Celia's father, the usurping Duke, who at line 213 of the present scene and at V, iv, 148, *infra*, is also called Frederick. Yet the Folios give the succeeding speech to *Rosalind*, and thereby imply that Touchstone refers here to Rosalind's father, the banished Duke, who is designated throughout the play as "Duke, senior," without any Christian name; it is clear that his name could not have been Frederick, like that of his brother. Capell, who accepted the Folios' assignment of the next speech to Rosalind, substituted Ferdinand for Frederick. But it is best to adopt Theobald's emendation, which is followed above, and assign the next speech to Celia.

TOUCH. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

CEL. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau. 80

ROS. With his mouth full of news.

CEL. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

ROS. Then shall we be news-crammed.

CEL. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news? 81

LE BEAU. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CEL. Sport! of what colour? 90

LE BEAU. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

ROS. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCH. Or as the Destinies decrees.

CEL. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

80-82 *since . . . great show*] There may be a reference here to some topical event, either to an unidentified inhibition of players, or to the notorious suppression of satirical and licentious books, which took place in 1599.

90 *colour*] kind or nature. Cf. *Lear*, II, ii, 133, where the Quartos read "a fellow of the selfsame *nature*," and the Folio, "a fellow of the self-same *colour*."

TOUCH. Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

ROS. Thou lovest thy old smell.

LE BEAU. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROS. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling. 99

LE BEAU. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

CEL. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU. There comes an old man, and his three sons, —

CEL. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

LE BEAU. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

ROS. With bills on their necks, “Be it known unto all men by these presents.” 109

LE BEAU. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke’s wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little

95–96 *rank . . . smell*] This punning comment on the word “rank,” which Touchstone uses in its sense of “quality” or “place,” and Rosalind in that of “rancidity,” is precisely paralleled in *Cymb.*, II, i, 15–16: “Clo. Would he had been one of my *rank*! Sec. LORD [*Aside*]. To have *smelt* like a fool.”

108 *Ros. With bills on their necks*] Thus the Folios. Farmer transferred these words to Le Beau’s preceding speech, and interpreted them as meaning “with halberds, or weapons of war, on their shoulders.” Lodge in the novel writes of his hero “with his forest *bill* on his *neck*.” In any case Rosalind puns on the word “bills” [*i. e.* halberds] in the sense of placards or proclamations.

hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROS. Alas!

TOUCH. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

LE BEAU. Why, this that I speak of. 120

TOUCH. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

CEL. Or I, I promise thee.

ROS. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it. 130

CEL. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants

DUKE F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

ROS. Is yonder the man?

125 *broken music*] A quibbling use of a technical musical term for a musical performance, in which the instruments employed did not keep tune, according to strict rules of harmony. There is no connection between broken music and broken ribs, save the verbal identity of the epithet.

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CEL. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

DUKE F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROS. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave. 140

DUKE F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

CEL. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE F. Do so: I'll not be by.

LE BEAU. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

ORI. I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROS. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? 151

ORI. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CEL. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray

142 *odds in the man*] advantage on the side of the wrestler Charles.

147 *princess calls*] Theobald reads *princesses call*, which Orlando's reference to *them* seems to justify.

157-158 *saw . . . judgement*] exerted all your powers of vision and judgment.

you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt. 160

ROS. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORL. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. 173

ROS. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CEL. And mine, to eke out hers.

ROS. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

CEL. Your heart's desires be with you!

CHA. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth? 180

ORL. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE F. You shall try but one fall.

CHA. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

ORL. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

ROS. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man! 189

CEL. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [They wrestle.

ROS. O excellent young man!

CEL. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Shout. Charles is thrown.

DUKE F. No more, no more.

ORL. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.

DUKE F. How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man? 200

ORL. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

DUKE F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.

CEL. Were I my father, coz, would I do this? 210

ORL. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,

196 *not yet well breathed*] not yet in thorough practice, in full career.

Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, III, xiii, 178: "I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, *breathed*."

His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROS. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

CEL. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition 220
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

ROS. Gentleman,
[Giving him a chain from her neck.
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks
means.
Shall we go, coz?

CEL. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORL. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up 230
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

212 *calling*] name, or appellation. This usage is rare. The word is more common in Shakespeare in the modern sense of "vocation" or "profession," especially of an ecclesiastical kind.

217 *tears unto entreaties*] tears in addition to entreaties.

225 *out of suits with fortune*] out of fortune's service, deprived of her livery. Cf. I, iii, 24, *infra*: "turning these jests *out of service*."

ROS. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

*CEL. Will you go, coz?

ROS. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

ORL. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU

LE BEAU. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you ²⁴⁰
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

ORL. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners; 250

243 *condition*] temperament. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, ii, 143: "*the condition* [*i. e.* temperament or disposition] of a saint."

But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

260

ORL. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*]

251 *taller*] This is the reading of the Folios. Rowe and almost all subsequent editors read here *shorter* (or *smaller*). A change of the kind seems necessary. Rosalind, in the next scene, line 110, gives as a reason for her assuming a man's disguise when fleeing with Celia that she is "more than common tall," and at IV, iii, 86-87, Celia is described as "low and browner" than Rosalind.

266 *from the smoke . . . smother*] from bad to worse. "Smother" is the thick stifling smoke of a smouldering fire.

SCENE III—A ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND

CEL. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

ROS. Not one to throw at a dog.

CEL. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

ROS. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

CEL. But is all this for your father? 10

ROS. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

CEL. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

ROS. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

CEL. Hem them away.

ROS. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

CEL. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections. 20

11 *my child's father*] this would mean "my husband." Thus the Folios. Numerous modern editors substitute *my father's child*, i. e. myself.

18 *Hem*] an onomatopœic word implying the act of coughing slightly. "Hem them away" is remove them by a small effort of the throat.

19 *cry hem and have him*] have for the asking; a proverbial expression.

ROS. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

CEL. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROS. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

CEL. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, ³⁰ for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

ROS. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

CEL. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

ROS. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

CEL. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords

DUKE F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste

And get you from our court.

ROS. Me, uncle?

DUKE F. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found

So near our public court as twenty miles,

Thou diest for it.

³¹ *dearly*] greatly, extremely. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, ii, 182: "my *dearest* foe."

³⁷ *safest*] surest, least exposed to doubt or delay.

ROS. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do, not dream, or be not frantic, —
As I do trust I am not, — then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

DUKE F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself: 50
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

ROS. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

DUKE F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's
enough.

ROS. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much 60
To think my poverty is treacherous.

CEL. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

CEL. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,

Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together, 70
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

DUKE F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smooth-
ness,

Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd. 80

CEL. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide your-
self:

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

CEL. O my poor Rosalind, wither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

ROS. I have more cause.

CEL. Thou hast not, cousin;

71 *like Juno's swans*] There is nothing in classical mythology to justify this simile, which seems due to an error of memory. Ovid associates *Venus* and not *Juno* with swans. Cf. *Met.*, X, 708 seq. Shakespeare mentions "Venus' doves" seven times in the course of his works, but he ignores her swans.

Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter? 90

Ros. That he hath not.

CEL. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?

No: let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go and what to bear with us;

And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I 'll go along with thee. 100

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

CEL. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CEL. I 'll put myself in poor and mean attire

And with a kind of umber smirch my face;

The like do you: so shall we pass along

And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better, 110

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,

98 *your change*] For this reading of the First Folio the Second and later Folios substituted *your charge*, which seems to improve the sense. But the original reading *change*, i. e. "reverse of fortune," may be right.

A boar-spear in my hand; and — in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will —
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

CEL. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

ROS. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede. 121
But what will you be call'd?

CEL. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROS. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CEL. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together; 130
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT SECOND — SCENE I.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN

*Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and two or three Lords,
like foresters*

DUKE S.



OW, MY CO-MATES AND
brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this
life more sweet
Than that of' painted pomp?
Are not these woods
More free from peril than the
envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of
Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the
icy fang
And churlish chiding of the
winter's wind,

Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
"This is no flattery: these are counsellors

That feelingly persuade me what I am.”
 Sweet are the uses of adversity;
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 And this our life exempt from public haunt
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
 Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
 I would not change it.

AMI. Happy is your Grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

20

DUKE S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should in their own confines with forked heads
 Have their round haunches gored.

14 *precious jewel in his head*] Cf. Lyly's *Euphues*: "The foule Toade hath a faire stone in his head" (ed. Arber, p. 53). The ignorant popular belief, that a toad carried a precious stone in its head, which was universal in Shakespeare's day, is apparently derived from the fact that a stone or gem, chiefly found in Egypt, is of the brownish gray colour of toads, and is therefore called a batrachite or toadstone. Pliny in his *Natural History* (Book 32) ascribes to a bone in the toad's head curative and other properties, but does not suggest that a gem is ever found there. In his description elsewhere of the toadstones of Egypt he only notes their association with toads in the way of colour.

24 *forked heads*] arrow heads. Roger Ascham, in *Toxophilus* (ed. Arber, p. 135), mentions that arrow heads, "having two points stretching forwards," are commonly called "fork heads." Cf. *Lear*, I, i, 143, where the arrow-head is called "the fork."

FIRST LORD.

Indeed, my lord,

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.

To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself

Did steal behind him as he lay along

30

Under an oak whose antique root peeps out

Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:

To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,

That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,

Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,

The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,

That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat

Almost to bursting, and the big round tears

Coursed one another down his innocent nose

In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,

40

Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,

Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,

Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE S.

But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

FIRST LORD. O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream;

"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more

To that which had too much": then, being there
alone,

44 *moralize*] Cf. Cotgrave, *Fr.-Eng. Dict.*: "Moraliser: To *morrallize*, to expound *morrally*, to give a *morrall sence vnto*." See also *infra*, II, vii, 29: "*moral* on the time."

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; 50
" 'T is right," quoth he; " thus misery doth part
The flux of company: " anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; " Ay," quoth Jaques,
" Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'T is just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there? "
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we 60
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what 's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

DUKE S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

SEC. LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and comment-
ing

Upon the sobbing deer.

DUKE S. Show me the place:

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he 's full of matter.

FIRST LORD. I 'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

62 *kill . . . up*] Intensive of "kill," i. e. exterminate. Cf. Adlington's
Apuleius' Golden Asse, 1582, fo. 159: "*Killed vp with colde.*"

67 *cope*] meet with, encounter. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 889: "They all
strain courtesy who shall *cope* him first."

SCENE II—A ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

DUKE F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

FIRST LORD. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

SEC. LORD. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant
hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail 20
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*]

8 *roynish*] scurvy. Cognate forms "roynous" and "roignous," both meaning "coarse," figure in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, ll. 987, 6193. The word seems adapted from the French. Cotgrave's *Fr.-Eng. Dict.* has "rougneux," which is interpreted "scabbie, mangie," and "scuruie." Cf. *Macb.*, I, iii, 6: "*rump-fed ronyon* [mangy creature]." 20 *quail*] grow faint, slacken in effort.

SCENE III — BEFORE OLIVER'S HOUSE

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting

ORL. Who 's there?

ADAM. What, my young master? O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory
Of 'old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men 10
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

ORL. Why, what 's the matter?

ADAM. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother — no, no brother; yet the son —
Yet not the son, I will not call him son, 20

8 *bonny priser*] strong prizefighter (*i. e.*, contender for a prize). The word *bonny* is the reading of all the Folios, and is doubtless right. The epithet is frequently used in the sense of "strong" as well as in that of "comely." Warburton's widely adopted correction, *boney*, *i. e.*, "muscular," is unnecessary.

Of him I was about to call his father, —
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORL. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me
go?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

ORL. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my
food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

27 *This is no place*] Cf. *Lover's Complaint*, 82: "Love made him her
place, [i. e., her home, place to dwell in]."

37 *diverted blood*] blood (or natural affection) turned from the course
of nature.

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

50

ORL. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

60

ADAM. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.

70

71 *seventeen*] This is Rowe's emendation for the *seventy* of the Folios.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
 But at fourscore it is too late a week:
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV — THE FOREST OF ARDEN

*Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA, and
 TOUCHSTONE*

ROS. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

TOUCH. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

ROS. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

CEL. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

TOUCH. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear¹⁰ you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

ROS. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCH. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I;

1 *weary*] Theobald's emendation of the *merry* of the Folios.

6 *doublet and hose*] the chief features of male attire in Shakespeare's day.

10 *bear no cross*] a quibble on the two meanings of the phrase, viz., "endure hardship" and "carry a coin," specifically known as a "cross," from the stamp upon it of a cross. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, I, ii, 212-213: "you are too impatient to *bear crosses*."

when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

COR. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SIL. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her! 20

COR. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

SIL. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine, —
As sure I think did never man love so, —
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

COR. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SIL. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily! 30
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

28 *fantasy*] Used like the cognate form "fancy" in the sense of affection or love.

Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit.* 40

ROS. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCH. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears "Wear these for my sake." We that are true 50
lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

ROS. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

TOUCH. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

ROS. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion

Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCH. And mine; but it grows something stale
with me.

46 *batlet*] Thus the Second and later Folios. The First Folio reads *batler*, which there seems no reason for changing. Neither form is met elsewhere. The reference is to the bat or flat wooden instrument (sometimes called a washing-beetle) with which clothes are beaten by the laundress. Cf. Levins's *Manipulus*, 1570, p. 38: "To *batle* clothes. *Excudere*."

chopt] chapped. Cf. *Sonnet* lxii, 10: "*chopp'd* with tann'd antiquity."
51-52 *mortal in folly*] "Mortal" is here a slang intensitive meaning "excessive," "extravagant," with the implied suggestion that folly deals death to love.

CEL. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food: 60
I faint almost to death.

TOUCH. Holla, you clown!

ROS. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

COR. Who calls?

TOUCH. Your betters, sir.

COR. Else are they very wretched.

ROS. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

COR. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

ROS. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.

COR. Fair sir, I pity her 70
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing 80
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

82 *in my voice*] as far as my voice or vote has power to bid you welcome.

ROS. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

COR. That young swain that you saw here but ere-
while,

That little cares for buying any thing.

ROS. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CEL. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it. 90

COR. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.

SCENE V — THE FOREST

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others

SONG

AMI. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

94 *feeder*] This word in the sense of "servant" is not uncommon, and various suggested changes are unnecessary.

3 *turn*] This is the reading of the Folios, and the word clearly means "adapt." Cf. Hall's *Satires*, VI, i: "Martiall *turns* his merry note." Rowe's widely accepted emendation, *tunes*, may be rejected.

Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

JAQ. More, more, I prithee, more.

AMI. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques. ¹⁰

JAQ. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

AMI. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

JAQ. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas?

AMI. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQ. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

AMI. More at your request than to please myself. ²⁰

JAQ. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me

16 *stanzo*] Cotgrave, *Fr.-Eng. Dict.*, gives the form "stanzo" (for stanza) when interpreting the French "stance." In *L. L. L.*, IV, ii, 99, "stanze" is read in the original editions,—the First Folio and First Quarto,—and "stanza" in the later Folios. There is an obvious uncertainty as to the right form.

18-19] *names . . . owe me nothing*] an allusion to the use of the Latin "nomina" in the common sense of "details of debt." Cooper's *Thesaurus*, 1573, defines "Nomina" as "the names of debtes owen."

the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

AMI. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

JAQ. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He ³⁰ is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

40

JAQ. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

AMI. And I'll sing it.

JAQ. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
 That any man turn ass,
 Leaving his wealth and ease
 A stubborn will to please,

27 cover] lay the cloth.

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:

50

Here shall he see

Gross fools as he,

And if he will come to me.

AMI. What's that "ducdame"?

JAQ. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

AMI. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE VI—THE FOREST

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

ORL. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee.

50 *Ducdame*] In all probability a nonsensical parody of the conventional burden of an unidentified popular song. Cf. in *All's Well*, I, iii, 69, the clown's senseless sing-song "Fond done, done fond" in his ditty of Helen of Greece. Attempts have been made to connect "ducdame" with like sounding words in Latin, Italian, French, Gaelic, Welsh, Greek, and Romany.

57 *the first-born of Egypt*] high-born persons.

Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring¹⁰ thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII—THE FOREST

• *A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and LORDS like outlaws*

DUKE S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

FIRST LORD. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES

FIRST LORD. He saves my labour by his own approach.

6 *spheres*] The common belief in the music of the spheres is well illustrated in *Merch. of Ven.*, V, i, 60–61: "There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st But in his motion like an angel sings."

DUKE S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? 10
What, you look merrily!

JAQ. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:"

And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 't will be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

13 *motley*] a reference to the conventional parti-coloured or patch-work dress of the professional fool. "Mottled" would be the modern expression. A species of variegated cloth seems to have borne in the trade the name of "motley." Cf. line 34, *infra*, "*Motley's* the only wear," and 43, "a *motley* coat."

20 *dial from his poke*] It was common among the lower orders to carry in the "poke" or pocket a sundial in the form of a metal ring about two inches in diameter, which was so marked and contrived that sunlight falling upon it indicated the hour of day. A specimen of a pocket dial of the Elizabethan period is preserved in the Museum at Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford-upon-Avon.

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
 And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
 And I did laugh sans intermission
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

30

DUKE S. What fool is this?

JAQ. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
 They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
 Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
 After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

40

DUKE S. Thou shalt have one.

JAQ. It is my only suit;
 Provided that you weed your better judgements
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them
 That I am wise. I must have liberty

29 *moral*] Cf. II, i, 44, *supra*, "*moralize* this spectacle." There seems little doubt that "*moral on*" is a verb meaning "*moralize on*." The suggestion that "*moral*" is here used adjectivally offers an awkward construction.

40 *he hath strange places cramm'd*] he hath collected from observation or study a mass of strange topics, allusions, passages from books. Cf. the use of the Latin word "*loci*" and the Greek "*τόποι*."

44 *my only suit*] a quibble on the two meanings of the word "*petition*" and "*dress*."

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
 And they that are most galled with my folly, 50
 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
 The "why" is plain as way to parish church:
 He that a fool doth very wisely hit
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomized
 Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
 Invest me in my motley; give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, 60
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst
 do.

JAQ. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

DUKE S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself;

48 *as large a charter as the wind*] Cf. *Hen. V*, I, i, 48: "The air, a charter'd libertine, is still."

55 *Not to . . . bob*] The Folios omit the words *not to*, which Theobald first supplied. They are necessary to the sense. The general meaning is that the wise man, though he may smart under a fool's taunt, ought to ignore the "bob" or rap of a fool's comment.

57 *squandering glances*] random shots.

63 *counter*] a thing of no value; a metal disc, of no intrinsic value, used in making calculations.

66 *brutish sting*] animal impulse.

And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

JAQ. Why, who cries out on pride, 70
That can therein tax any private party?
Dôth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean, her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function, 80
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,

68 *with license of free foot*] gadding about with no restraint.

73 *Till . . . ebb*] This is the original reading. It means that pride flows on like the tidal sea till its "very means," or sustaining forces, becoming weary or exhausted, ebb or decay. Singer's emendation, *the nearer's very means*, is not happy.

79-82 *Or what . . . speech?*] The general meaning is that one finds men in the lowest position in life taking a foolish pride in showy apparel who, if they hear a censorious observer denounce the vanity of spending money on dress, retort that the critic does not pay for what they wear; the critic's censure is intended to have no particular or personal application, but such a reply is a safe sign that the cap fits.

Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn

ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQ. Why, I have eat none y^et.

ORL. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

JAQ. Of what kind should this cock come of? 90

DUKE S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

ORL. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

JAQ. An you will not be answered with reason, I
must die. 101

DUKE S. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

ORL. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

DUKE S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORL. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

96 *inland*] civilized, refined, the converse of "outlandish." Cf. III,
ii, 322, *infra*: "an inland man."

That in this desert inaccessible, 110
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

DUKE S. True is it that we have seen better days, 120
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

ORL. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step 130
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

DUKE S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

ORL. I thank ye; and be blest for your good com-
fort! [Exit.]

DUKE S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:

125 upon command] at your command.

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

JAC. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players: 140
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier, 150
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,

139 *All . . . stage*] Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, i, 77-78: "I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano; A stage, where every man must play a part." The comparison of the world to a stage was a commonplace in Greek, Latin, and modern European literature. The Globe Theatre bore the proverbial motto, "*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*" The division of man's life into seven parts or ages, which Shakespeare likens to acts of a play, is found in the Greek writings of the physician Hippocrates and of the late Greek philosopher Proclus, and was generally accepted by philosophers, poets, and artists of the European Renaissance.

148 *Sighing like furnace*] Cf. *Cymb.*, I, vi, 65-66: "he [*i. e.*, a Frenchman in love] *furnaces* The thick *sighs* from him."

153-154 *the justice . . . capon*] Capons formed gifts which suitors were in the habit of offering justices of the peace. Cf. Wither's *Christ-*

In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide 160
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM

DUKE S. Welcome. Set down your venerable
 burthen,
 And let him feed

ORL. I thank you most for him.

ADAM. So had you need:
 scarce can I speak to thank you for myself. 170

DUKE S. Welcome fall out: I will not trouble you
 As yet to question you about your fortunes.
 Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SON

AME. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind

*mas Carol, lines 41, 42: "Now poor men to the justices With capons
 make their arrants [i. e., errands]."*

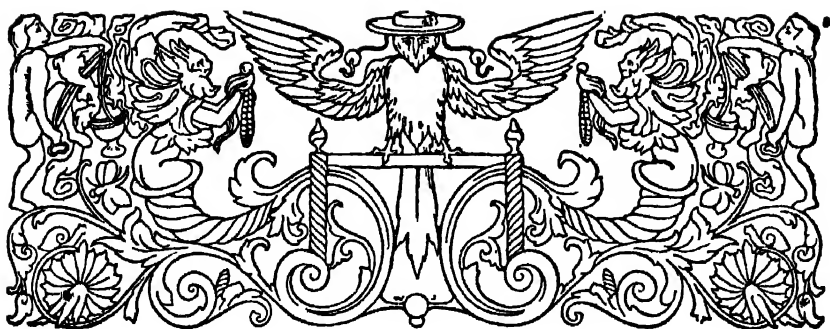
156 *modern instances*] trite or commonplace maxims or anecdotes.

As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly: 180
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That does not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho ! sing, &c.

DUKE S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.* 200

193 *effigies*] The accent in this word, which must be pronounced trisyllabically, falls on the second syllable.



ACT THIRD — SCENE I

A ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER

DUKE FREDERICK



NOT SEE HIM SINCE? SIR,
sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part
made mercy,
I should not seek an absent
argument
Of my revenge, thou present.
But look to it:
Find out thy brother, whereso-
e'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him
dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or
turn thou no more

To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

10

OLI. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

DUKE F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of
doors;

And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent upon his house and lands:

Do this expediently and turn him going. [Exeunt.

SCENE II—THE FOREST

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper

ORL. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.

17 *Make an extent upon, etc.*] In strict legal phraseology the process of "making an extent," i. e., executing the writ "extendi facias," consisted in appraising the value of property to its full extent as a preliminary to its summary seizure. The process ordinarily followed a sentence of forfeiture of which in the present instance Shakespeare gives no hint. The phrase is very commonly met with in Elizabethan plays in the loose significance, as here, of taking forcible possession of property.

2 *thrice-crowned queen of night*] Luna, or the moon, was believed in classical mythology to rule three realms, — earth, heaven, where she was known as "Diana," and the infernal regions, where she was known as "Hecate." Chapman, in his *Hymn to Night* (1594), describes how the goddess with "triple forehead" controls earth, seas, and hell. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, V, i, 391: "the triple Hecate's team."

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
 That every eye which in this forest looks
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree

•The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [*Exit.* 10

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE

COR. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

TOUCH. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. 20
 Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

COR. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

10 *unexpressive*] inexpressible; a common usage. Cf. Milton's *Lycidas*, 176: "The *unexpressive* nuptial song."

28 *good breeding*] i. e., the want of good breeding; a common manner of speech in Elizabethan English.

TOUCH. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast
ever in court, shepherd? 30

COR. No, truly.

TOUCH. Then thou art damned.

COR. Nay, I hope.

TOUCH. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted
egg all on one side.

COR. For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCH. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never
sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good man-
ners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness
is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state,
shepherd. 40

COR. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good
manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as
the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the
court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you
kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if
courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCH. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

COR. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their
fells, you know, are greasy.

TOUCH. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat?
and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the 50
sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance,
I say; come.

COR. Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCH. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow
again. A more sounder instance, come.

44 *but you kiss*] without kissing.

COR. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

TOUCH. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very⁶⁰ uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

COR. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

TOUCH. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

COR. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

TOUCH. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your⁷⁰ living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

COR. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

64 *God make incision . . . raw*] A reference to blood-letting, which was the accepted method of treating diseases alike of mind or body. "Raw" seems used in a double sense of "ignorant" and "suffering from a flesh wound," which requires medical treatment.

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading

ROS. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind, 80
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

TOUCH. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

ROS. Out, fool!

TOUCH. For a taste: 90

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.

88 *rank*] This, the original reading, has been much questioned, and the numerous suggested substitutes for *rank* include *rate*, *rack*, *canter*, and others. It is clear that the sense required is that of a jog trot or ambling pace, such as characterises butter-women on their way to market. Such a meaning may possibly be deducible from the women's practice of riding or walking in file or *rank*. Cf. Pettie's translation of Guazzo's, *Civil Conversation* (1586): "All the women in the towne runne thether of a ranke, as it were in procession." But much is to be said for the emendation *rack*, which was in common use for a horse's jogging method of progression.

They that reap must sheaf and bind;

Then to cart with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,

Such a nut is Rosalind.

100

He that sweetest rose will find,

Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

ROS. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

TOUCH. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROS. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

110

TOUCH. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing

ROS. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

CEL. [*reads*] Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show:

103 *false gallop*] Cf. Nashe's *Four Letters*, "I would trot a *false gallop* through the rest of his ragged *verses*." The term technically means the jerky amble in which the horse puts the left foot before the right. Shakespeare, in *1 Hen. IV*, III, i, 134-135, likens "mincing poetry" to the "forced gait of a shuffling nag."

108 *earliest fruit*] The medlar is now one of the latest fruits to ripen. The circumstance that it rots ere it ripens argues a premature precocity, which may justify Rosalind's quibbling argument.

Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage, 120
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
"Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show. 130
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts

130 *in little*] The train of thought has here astrological significance, and "in little" probably refers to the "microcosm, the little world of man," which is a miniature reflection of the stars. "A picture *in little*," as in *Hamlet*, II, ii, 362, was a common synonym for a miniature painting. But there is no such reference here.

137 *Atalanta's better part*] Ovid declares himself unable to decide whether Atalanta more excelled in swiftness of foot or in beauty of face (*Met.*, X, 562-563). In line 260, *infra*, reference is made to "Atalanta's heels," the first of her two distinctive characteristics. At this place Shakespeare probably had in mind the charm of feature which Ovid puts to her credit.

By heavenly synod was devised; 140
 Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest prized.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.

ROS. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried "Have patience, good people"!

CEL. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah. 149

TOUCH. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

CEL. Didst thou hear these verses?

ROS. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

CEL. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

ROS. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 159

CEL. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

ROS. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-

145 *pulpiter*] i. e., preacher. This is Spedding's ingenious substitute for *Jupiter* of the Folios. But Rosalind has already made one appeal to Jupiter (II, iv, 1), and has twice called on Jove (II, iv, 56), while she makes a passing reference to the god at III, ii, 221, *infra*. Irrelevant use of these expletives of adjuration seems in keeping with her character, and the old reading may possibly be right.

tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

CEL. Trow you who hath done this?

ROS. Is it a man?

CEL. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

ROS. I prithee, who?

170

CEL. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

ROS. Nay, but who is it?

CEL. Is it possible?

ROS. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CEL. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

180

ROS. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though

164-165 *be-rhymed . . . Irish rat*] Cf. Jonson's *Poetaster*, Dialogue to the Reader, 150-151: "*Rime 'hem to death, as they doe Irish rats In drumming tunes.*" The superstitious belief that rats can be rhymed to death seems to be cherished by the peasantry of France as well as of Ireland.

179-180 *out of all hooping!*] beyond all the limits of wonder which shouting can adequately express.

181 *Good my complexion!*] This exclamation seems a nervous and involuntary appeal to Rosalind's feminine tell-tale complexion. The inversion of the epithet "good," which is very common in Elizabethan English, somewhat obscures the meaning, which amounts in effect to nothing more than an ebullition of anxiety lest her girl's face shall betray her.

I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

CEL. So you may put a man in your belly. 190

ROS. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

CEL. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROS. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CEL. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

ROS. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid. 200

CEL. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

183-184 *One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery*] The slightest delay in satisfying my curiosity will expose me to the uncertainties and perplexities of an exploring voyage in some great unknown ocean like the unexplored South-sea or Pacific Ocean.

191 *of God's making?*] The implied alternative is "a man of his tailor's making." Cf. *Lear*, II, ii, 50: "nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee."

199-200 *speak . . . maid*] speak in all seriousness and truth. Cf. for the construction 258, *infra*, "I answer you right painted cloth," and *K. John*, II, i, 462: "He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce."

Ros. Orlando?

CEL. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word. 209

CEL. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CEL. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn. 220

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

206 *Wherein went he?*] How did he go dressed?

210 *Gargantua's mouth*] Gargantua, Rabelais' giant, swallows five pilgrims with their staves in a salad (Bk. I, ch. 38). Cf. Cotgrave's *Fr.-Eng. Dict.*, "Gargantua. Great throat, Rab."

217 *atomies*] The Third and Fourth Folios read *atomes*, which Rowe changed to *atoms*. "Atomies" is used again in III, v, 13, *infra*.

221 *Jove's tree*] Latin poets call the oak "Jove's tree." Shakespeare here seems to have borrowed direct from Golding's Ovid, *Met.*, I, 106: "The *acornes dropt* on ground from *Joves brode tree* in *feelde*."

CEL. Give me audience, good madam.

ROS. Proceed.

CEL. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

ROS. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CEL. Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter. 230

ROS. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CEL. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

ROS. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

CEL. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO and JAUQUES

ROS. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

JAQ. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORL. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, 240
I thank you too for your society.

JAQ. God buy you: let's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do desire we may be better strangers.

229 "holla"] stop! Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 283-284: "What recketh he the rider's angry stir, His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say'?"

231 *heart*] A common quibble between "heart" and "hart."

242 *God buy you*] *buy* is the reading of the Folios. It is equivalent to "God b' wi' you," i. e., "God be with you." Jaques repeats it, IV, i, 28, *infra*, and Touchstone in V, iv, 37.

JAQ. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORL. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

JAQ. Rosalind is your love's name?

ORL. Yes, just.

JAQ. I do not like her name.

250

ORL. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

JAQ. What stature is she of?

ORL. Just as high as my heart.

JAQ. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

ORL. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

259

JAQ. You have a nimble wit: I think 't was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

246 *moe*] This is the reading of the First Folio, which the later Folios change to the modern *more*.

256-257 *goldsmiths' . . . rings*] Goldsmiths dealt largely at the time in rings on which were inscribed posies or mottoes.

258 *right painted cloth*] Painted cloth was the term applied to cheap tapestries, on which tales from scripture or from popular literature were represented together with moral maxims or mottoes. Labels bearing brief speeches were sometimes attached to the mouths of the figures. Such speeches Orlando charges Jaques with studying. Cf., for a similar construction, line 199, *supra*, "*speak sad brow and true maid*."

261 *Atalanta's heels*] Cf. note on line 137, *supra*.

ORL. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

JAQ. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

ORL. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQ. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

ORL. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him. • 271

JAQ. There I shall see mine own figure.

ORL. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher. •

JAQ. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

ORL. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [Exit Jaques.]

ROS. [Aside to Celia] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester? 280

ORL. Very well: what would you?

ROS. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

ORL. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

ORL. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper? • 289

ROS. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces

263 breather] Cf. Sonnet lxxxix, 12: "When all the breathers of this world are dead."

with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

ORL. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORL. Who ambles Time withal?

299

ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORL. Who stays it still withal?

300

ROS. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

ORL. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROS. With this shepherdess, my sister: here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORL. Are you native of this place?

ROS. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

ORL. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

319

ROS. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

ROS. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it. 331

ORL. I prithee, recount some of them.

ROS. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORL. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy. 341

ROS. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you:

322 *inland*] refined. Cf. II, vii, 96, *supra*, "*inland bred*," and note.

338-339 *fancy-monger* . . . *quotidian of love*] Cf. Lyly's *Euphues* (p. 66):

"If euer she haue been taken with the feuer of *fancie* [*i. e.*, love], she will help his ague, who by his *quotidian fit* [*i. e.*, daily recurring paroxysm of fever] is conuerted into phrensie."

he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORL. What were his marks?

ROS. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other. ³⁵⁵

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired? ³⁶³

343 *cage*] often used for "prison." Rosalind mockingly suggests that Orlando's prison has rushes for bars, and is no serious impediment.

346 *blue eye*] eye with a dark circle around it. Cf. *Tempest*, I, ii, 269: "*blue-eyed hag*."

347 *unquestionable*] averse to conversation. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, iv, 43, "Thou comest in such a *questionable* shape," where "*questionable*" means "inciting to conversation," "willing to be conversed with."

351 *bonnet unbanded*] Hats without hatbands were at the time regarded as signs of slovenliness in dress.

ORL. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROS. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORL. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROS. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel. • 372

ORL. Did you ever cure any so?

ROS. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

369 *a dark house and a whip as madmen do*] This was the ordinary treatment of lunatics at the time. Cf Malvolio's experience in *Tw. Night*, V, i.

384 *mad . . . living*] unreasoning . . . real or actual.

ORL. I would not be cured, youth.

389

ROS. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

ORL. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

ROS. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

ROS. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.* 399]

SCENE III—THE FOREST

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES behind

TOUCH. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

AUD. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

TOUCH. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

3-4 *feature . . . features ?*] This word was used in the three senses of (1) comeliness, (2) the build of the body, and (3) any part of the face. Touchstone apparently employs it in the first sense, and Audrey in the last. It is possible that there is an implied pun in Audrey's "what features?" on the word "faior," i. e., a villain, with which "feature" might easily be confused in pronunciation.

6 *capricious . . . Goths*] "Capricious" is of course from the Latin "caper," a goat. "Goths" was so pronounced as to make the

JAQ. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

TOUCH. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child,¹⁰ understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUD. I do not know what "poetical" is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing? •

TOUCH. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

AUD. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical? 20

TOUCH. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUD. Would you not have me honest?

TOUCH. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAQ. [*Aside*] A material fool!

pun on "goats" quite clear. As a matter of history, Ovid was banished to the land of the Getae.

7-8 *Jove . . . house*] The reference is to the thatched cottage of the peasants Philemon and Baucis, who entertained Jove unawares, according to Ovid, *Metam.*, VIII, 630, *seq.* There is another allusion to the story in *Much Ado*, II, i, 82-83: (D. Pedro.) "My visor is *Philemon's roof*; within the house is *Jove*. (Hero.) Why then, your visor should be *thatched*."

11-12 *great reckoning . . . room*] a heavy bill for a narrow accommodation.

AUD. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest. 30

TOUCH. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUD. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

TOUCH. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

JAQ. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting. 40

AUD. Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCH. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "many a man knows no end of his goods:" right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Horns? — even so: — poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge 50 as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the

34 *foul*] the word meant "plain" or "homely," more frequently than "base" or "dirty." It was the ordinary antithesis of "fair."

49 *Horns? . . . alone?*] The Folios read: *hornes, euen so poore men alone*. Theobald introduced the punctuation adopted in the text, which makes the passage intelligible.

bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

SIR OLI. Is there none here to give the woman? •

TOUCH. I will not take her on gift of any man. 60

SIR OLI. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAQ. Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

TOUCH. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

JAQ. Will you be married, motley?

TOUCH. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as 70 pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

JAQ. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church,

54 *defence*] art of fencing. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV, vii, 97: "art and exercise in your *defence*."

65 *God 'ild*] God yield or reward you. The phrase is repeated by Touchstone, V, iv, 53, *infra*. Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, IV, ii, 33: "And the *gods yield* you for 't."

69 *bow*] literally the bow-shaped piece of wood, which fitted into the yoke beneath the neck of oxen, but here apparently used for the yoke itself.

and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

TOUCH. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, ⁸⁰ it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

JAQ. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCH. Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not, —

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee:

but, —

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

90

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*]

SIR OLI. 'T is no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

86 *O sweet Oliver*] This was the opening line of a very popular ballad. Only the two lines ("O swete Olyuer Leaue me not behind the[e]") survive elsewhere — in the license for the publication of the ballad granted by the Stationers' Company to Richard Jones, 6 August, 1584.

90 *Wind away*] Wend away, depart.

SCENE IV—THE FOREST

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

ROS. Never talk to me; I will weep.

CEL. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

ROS. But have I not cause to weep?

CEL. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROS. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CEL. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

ROS. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CEL. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the ¹⁰ only colour.

ROS. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

CEL. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

ROS. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

7 *browner than Judas's*] Judas was invariably credited with red hair and beard.

14 *cast*] This is the reading of the First Folio, but the other Folios read *chast*, i. e., chaste. "Cast" was frequently applied to apparel in the sense of "cast off," "left off." This epithet is more in keeping with Celia's banter than the conventional "chaste," which the mention of Diana naturally suggests.

CEL. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROS. Do you think so?

20

CEL. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

ROS. Not true in love?

CEL. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

ROS. You have heard him swear downright he was.

CEL. "Was" is not "is": besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

30

ROS. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

CEL. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

23 *concave . . . goblet*] a goblet when empty was kept covered.

39 *puisny*] This is the old reading. Capell and later editors substitute the more modern form *puny*. It is used here not in the modern sense of "diminutive," but in that of "having the skill of a novice," "unskilled." The word comes through the French from the Latin "postnatus," "younger-born."

40 *breaks his staff*] To break a staff in a tournament across ("quite traverse, athwart," l. 38) the body of an adversary, and not at push

Enter CORIN

COR. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

CEL. Well, and what of him?

COR. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

50

ROS. O come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V—ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE

SIL. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,

of point, was an accepted sign of clumsy incompetence. Cf. *All's Well*, II, i, 66, "Good faith, across," and *Much Ado*, V, i, 136–137: "this last [staff] was broke cross."

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
 But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
 Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind

PHE. I would not be thy executioner:
 I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
 Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 10
 'T is pretty, sure, and very probable,
 That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
 Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
 Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee: 20
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
 The cicatrice and capable impressure
 Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,

7 *dies and lives*] This is a common inversion of the more ordinary phrase "lives and dies," *i. e.*, subsists from the cradle to the grave. Cf. Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, 1570, f. 67: "He is a foole, and so shall he *dye and live*."

13 *atomies*] Cf. III, ii, 217, *supra*, and note.

23 *The cicatrice . . . impressure*] The scar, or mark, and perceptible or sensible impression.

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SIL. O dear Phebe,
If ever, — as that ever may be near, —
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30
That love's keen arrows make.

PHE. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee. .

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your
 mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no
 beauty, —

As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed, —
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? 40
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

43 *sale-work*] ready-made goods.

47 *bugle*] black, from the tube-shaped glass bead, commonly of that
colour, used to ornament wearing apparel.

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain? 50
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 't is such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets: 60
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

PHE. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROS. He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

PHE. For no ill will I bear you. 70

ROS. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:

50 *foggy south . . . rain*] The foggy southern quarter of the sky, which generates wind and rain. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, I, iv, 103: "the dewdropping south."

62 *Foul . . . scoffer*] An ugly woman exaggerates her ugliness when she grows scornful.

Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'T is at the tuft of olives here hard by.

Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*]

PHE. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,⁸⁰
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

SIL. Sweet Phebe, —

PHE. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SIL. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

PHE. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

SIL. I would have you.

PHE. Why, that were covetousness.⁹⁰

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:

80-81 *Dead shepherd . . . sight*] The "dead shepherd" is Christopher Marlowe, who died in 1593. The line, "Who ever loved," etc., is from Marlowe's popular translation of the pseudo-Musaeus' Greek poem, *Hero and Leander* (Sest. I, l. 176), first printed in 1598.

But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

SIL. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop 100
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.

PHE. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-
while?

SIL. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

PHE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'T is but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well 110
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he 's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He 'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he 's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red 120
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the difference

107 *carlot*] Apparently a diminutive of "carl," churl, peasant. No other example of the word is found.

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
 There be some women, Silvus, had they mark'd him
 In parcels as I did, would have gone near
 To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
 I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
 For what had he to do to chide at me?
 He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
 And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me: • 130
 I marvel why I answer'd not again:
 But that 's all one; omittance is no quittance.
 I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

SIL. Phebe, with all my heart.

PHE. I 'll write it straight;
 The matter 's in my head and in my heart:
 I will be bitter with him and passing short.
 Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.

122 *mingled damask*] Cf. *Sonnet cxxx*, 5: "I have seen roses *damask'd*, red and white."

132 *omittance is no quittance*] Milton, *P. L.*, X, 53, varies this expression thus: "Forbearance is no quittance." Quittance means discharge.

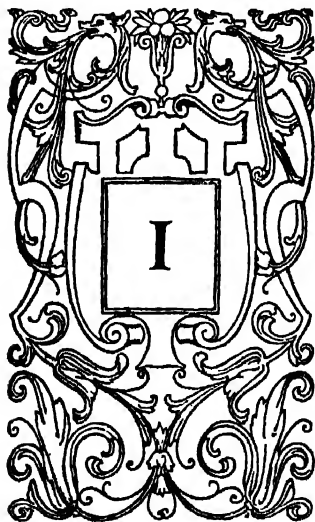


ACT FOURTH — SCENE I

THE FOREST

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAUQUES

JAUQUES



PRITHEE, PRETTY youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROS. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQ. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

ROS. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

JAQ. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

ROS. Why then, 't is good to be a post.

JAQ. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is ¹⁰ emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor

6 *modern censure*] common, ordinary judgment.

the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

ROS. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see ²⁰ other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQ. Yes, I have gained my experience.

ROS. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO

ORL. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQ. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.

ROS. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp ³⁰ and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this

22 *rich eyes*] Cf. *All's Well*, V, iii, 16-17: "the survey Of richest eyes."

28 *God buy you*] Cf. III, ii, 242, *supra*, and note.

34 *swam in a gondola*] been on a visit to Venice, the fashionable goal of contemporary travel.

while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORL. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROS. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will ⁴⁰ divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROS. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORL. Of a snail?

ROS. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, ⁵⁰ than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORL. What's that?

ROS. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORL. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROS. And I am your Rosalind.

CEL. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you. ⁶⁰

ROS. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

ORL. I would kiss before I spoke.

ROS. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking — God warn us! — matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORL. How if the kiss be denied?

70

ROS. Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter.

ORL. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROS. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

ORL. What, of my suit?

ROS. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORL. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

80

ROS. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

ORL. Then in mine own person I die.

ROS. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont

83 *by attorney*] by deputy. Cf. *Rich. III*, V, iii, 83: "I, *by attorney*, bless thee from thy mother."

and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was "Hero of Sestos." But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROS. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it. 100

ORL. Then love me, Rosalind.

ROS. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

ORL. And wilt thou have me?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. What sayest thou?

ROS. Are you not good?

ORL. I hope so.

ROS. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister? 110

ORL. Pray thee, marry us.

CEL. I cannot say the words.

ROS. You must begin, "Will you, Orlando —"

CEL. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORL. I will.

ROS. Ay, but when?

98 *chroniclers*] This is the reading of the Folios. It was needlessly changed by Hammer to *coroners*, which the use of the word "found," i. e. "gave the finding or verdict," only speciously supports.

ORL. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROS. Then you must say "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife." 120

ORL. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROS. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORL. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

ROS. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

ORL. For ever and a day. 129

ROS. Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I

123 *there's a girl . . . priest*] Rosalind admits that the bride is anticipating the part in the ceremony that belongs to Celia, who acts as priest.

134 *Barbary cock-pigeon*] This bird, now known as a "barb," is of black colour, and was introduced from North Africa. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 94: "*Barbary hen*."

135 *new-fangled*] fond of what is new. Cf. Cotgrave's *Fr.-Eng. Dict.*: "*Fantastique, humorous, new-fangled, giddie, skittish*."

137 *like . . . fountain*] A possible allusion to an "alabaster image of Diana," which, according to Stow, was set up near the cross at West Cheap, London, with "water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast."

will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORL. But will my Rosalind do so? 140

ROS. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORL. O, but she is wise.

ROS. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORL. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say "Wit, whither wilt?"

ROS. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed. 151

ORL. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

ROS. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

ORL. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROS. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

ORL. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again. 161

ROS. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I

149 *Wit, whither wilt?*] Cf. I, ii, 51, *supra*, and note.

155-156 *make . . . occasion*] represent her fault to be occasioned by her husband, or make her fault the opportunity of taking advantage of her husband. The reading, though often questioned, is probably right.

thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 't is but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

ORL. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

167

ROS. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

ORL. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

ROS. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*]

CEL. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

183

ROS. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

171 *pathetical*] The word, though often meaning "impassioned," or "persuasive," seems to acquire here a touch of scorn, and is almost equivalent to "pitiful." Cf. *L. L. L.*, IV, i, 141: "A most *pathetical* wit."

187 *bay of Portugal*] Sailors bestowed this title on the sea off the Portuguese coast between Oporto and Cintra. The water there attained a depth of 1400 fathoms within 42 miles of the shore.

CEL. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out. 189

ROS. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

CEL. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—THE FOREST

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters

JAQ. Which is he that killed the deer?

A LORD. Sir, it was I.

JAQ. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

FOR. Yes, sir.

JAQ. Sing it: 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG

FOR. What shall he have that kill'd the deer? 10

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home:

[*The rest shall bear this burden.*]

195 *shadow*] shade, or shady place. Cf. *Tempest*, IV, i, 66-67: "Broom-groves, Whose *shadow* the dismissed bachelor loves."

12 *Then sing him home* :] In the Folios these words, together with

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:

Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—THE FOREST

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

ROS. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
and here much Orlando!

CEL. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled
braih, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth
to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS

SIL. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

those here printed as the appended stage direction, form a single line of the song. Theobald first made the change which is adopted here. A few editors read, *They sing him home*, and include these words along with those which follow in the stage direction. The song appears with music in John Hilton's *Catch that catch can*, 1652. The particular words with which this note deals are all omitted. Hilton is doubtfully identified with a famous musician of the same name, who was Shakespeare's contemporary.

2 and here much Orlando] An ironical use of "much," implying just the opposite of what the word means: "we find much of, a great deal of, Orlando here," i. e., "he is not here at all." Cf. the colloquialism, "I shall get much [verè — nothing] by that."

I know not the contents; but, as I guess
 By the stern brow and waspish action
 Which she did use as she was writing of it, 10
 It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
 I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
 And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
 She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
 She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
 Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!
 Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
 Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
 This is a letter of your own device. 20

SIL. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
 Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
 And turn'd into the extremity of love.
 I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
 A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
 That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands:
 She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
 I say she never did invent this letter;
 This is a man's invention and his hand.

SIL. Sure, it is hers. 30

Ros. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,
 A style for challengers; why, she defies me,

17 *as rare as phoenix*] The phoenix is commonly described in classical poetry as unique. Cf. Ovid's *Amores*, II, vi, 54, "vivax phoenix, unica semper avis." Cf. *Tempest*, III, iii, 23: "There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; *one phoenix*."

25 *freestone-colour'd*] brownish yellow, like bath brick.

Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
 Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
 Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect
 Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

SIL. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
 Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

ROS. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
 That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

40

Can a woman rail thus?

SIL. Call you this railing?

ROS. [*reads*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
 Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
 That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
 Have power to raise such love in mine,
 Alack, in me what strange effect
 Would they work in mild aspect!

35 *Ethiope*] This is the only example of the adjectival use of this word, which is frequently found elsewhere as a noun, meaning "a swarthy person."

53 *aspect*] This word, which is always accented on the last syllable in Shakespeare, is here an astrological term denoting the appearance of the planets. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, II, i, 106-107: "the heavens look With an *aspect* more favourable."

Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I 'll study how to die.

60

SIL. Call you this chiding?

CEL. Alas, poor shepherd!

ROS. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*]

Enter OLIVER

OLI. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

CEL. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom:

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream

58 *seal up thy mind*] seal up your decision, and send it back by him.
59 *youth and kind*] youth and nature, the natural sentiment of youth.

Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
 But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
 There 's none within.

80

OLI. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
 Then should I know you by description;
 Such garments and such years: "The boy is fair,
 Of female favour, and bestows himself
 Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
 And browner than her brother." Are not you
 The owner of the house I did inquire for?

CEL. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

OLI. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
 And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
 He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

80

ROS. I am: what must we understand by this?

OLI. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
 What man I am, and how, and why, and where
 This handkercher was stain'd.

CEL. I pray you, tell it.

85 *bestows himself*] departs himself, behaves, as in 2 *Hen. IV*, II, ii, 163-164: "How might we see Falstaff *bestow himself* to-night in his true colours."

86 *Like a ripe sister*] This, the original reading, leaves the line metrically imperfect. A syllable seems lacking after "sister." But such an irregularity is not uncommon. With a view to correcting the metre, and removing the ambiguity of "ripe sister," *right forester* has been substituted. "Like a ripe sister" may be correct, and may mean that Rosalind treats Celia like a mature, elder kinswoman.

92 *napkin*] This is the "handkercher" or "handkerchief" of line 96, *infra*.

OLI. When last the young Orlando parted from you
 He left a promise to return again
 Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy, 100
 Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
 And mark what object did present itself:
 Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
 Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself, 110
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush: under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is
 The royal disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CEL. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
 And he did render him the most unnatural 121
 That lived amongst men.

103 *oak*] The Folios insert *old* before *oak*, but metrical considerations almost compel its omission, which Pope first proposed.

111 *indented glides*] sinuous glidings. Cf. "*indented wave*" of the movement of the serpent in Milton's *P. L.*, IX, 496.

Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.

Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,

150

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons.*]

CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

OLI. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

CEL. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

OLI. Look, he recovers.

ROS. I would I were at home.

CEL. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

161

OLI. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack
a man's heart.

ROS. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would
think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your
brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

OLI. This was not counterfeit: there is too great
testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of
earnest.

ROS. Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLI. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to
be a man.

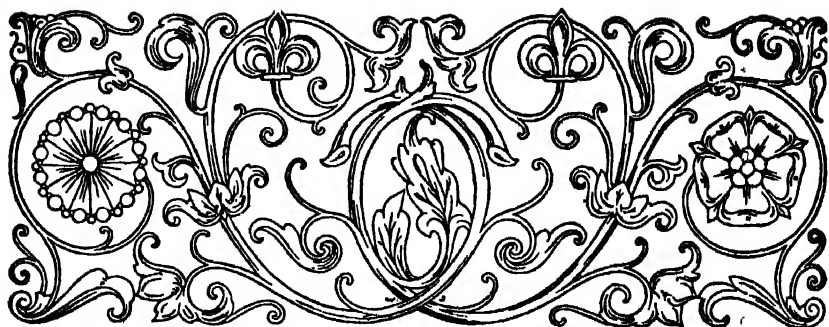
171

ROS. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a
woman by right.

CEL. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

OLI. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROS. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [*Exeunt.*]



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

THE FOREST

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

TOUCHSTONE



WE SHALL FIND A TIME, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

AUD. Faith, the priest 'was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

TOUCH. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUD. Ay, I know who 't is: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

TOUCH. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: ¹⁰ by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

¹⁰ *meat and drink*] a proverbial expression implying something very congenial. Cf. *M. Wives*, I, i, 268: "That's *meat and drink* to me."

Enter WILLIAM

WILL. Good even, Audrey.

AUD. God ye good even, William.

WILL. And good even to you, sir.

TOUCH. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

WILL. Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCH. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILL. William, sir.

TOUCH. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

WILL. Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCH. "Thank God;" a good answer. Art rich?

WILL. Faith, sir, so so.

TOUCH. "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

WILL. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCH. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILL. I do, sir.

TOUCH. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILL. No, sir.

TOUCH. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have;

for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty^a the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: ⁴⁰ now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

WILL. Which he, sir?

TOUCH. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon, — which is in the vulgar leave, — the society, — which in the boorish is company, — of this female, — which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in ⁵⁰ poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

AUD. Do, good William.

WILL. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN

COR. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

TOUCH. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*]

51 *bastinado*] cudgelling. Cf. Florio's *Ital.-Eng. Dict.*: "A *bastonado*, or cudgell-blow."

bandy] The word literally means "to toss from side to side like a tennis-ball"; but it is here synonymous with "contend" or "fight."

SCENE II—THE FOREST

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER

ORL. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and 'loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

OLI. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.¹⁰

ORL. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND

ROS. God save you, brother.

OLI. And you, fair sister. [Exit.

ROS. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

17 *fair sister*] Rosalind is still disguised, and, as far as is known, Oliver believes her to be a boy. But he enters into Orlando's humour, and calls her "sister" in the spirit of Act IV, Sc. i. Cf. IV, iii, 86, where Oliver has already likened the boy Rosalind to "a ripe sister."

19 *in a scarf*] in a sling.

ORL. It is my arm.

20

ROS. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORL. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROS. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

ORL. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROS. O, I know where you are: nay, 't is true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame:" for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

ORL. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROS. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

40 *nuptial*] Shakespeare invariably uses the singular. The plural, "nuptials," is a more modern usage. Conversely he employs "funerals" where we use "funeral."

ORL. I can live no longer by thinking.

ROS. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: ⁵⁰ I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible ⁶⁰ to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

ORL. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

ROS. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

PHE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, ⁷⁰
To show the letter that I writ to you.

65-66 *By my life . . . magician*] By statute law, 5 Eliz., Cap. 16, practitioners of witchcraft were liable to punishment by death.

ROS. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

PHE. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

SIL. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

80

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

90

PHE. And so am I for Ganymede.

ORL. And so am I for Rosalind.

ROS. And so am I for no woman.

PHE. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

89 *observance*] The repetition of this word at the end of the next line but one below suggests that one or other of the two "observances" is wrongly printed. The word seems somewhat more closely connected with "adoration" and "duty" as here, than with "purity" and "trial" as in line 91. Malone suggested *obedience* in the second place. Others prefer Ritson's conjecture of *obeisance*.

SIL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ORL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROS. Why do you speak too, "Why blame you me to love you?" 100

ORL. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROS. Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [*To Or.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Or.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands. 112

SIL. I'll not fail, if I live.

PHE. Nor I.

ORL. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—THE FOREST

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

TOUCH. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

102-103 *howling . . . moon*] Cf. Lodge's *Romance of Rosalynd*: "Thou barkest with the *wolves* of Syria against the *moone*." Wolves abounded in Ireland, and the substitution of the epithet *Irish* for *of Syria* is quite natural.

AUD. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages

FIRST PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCH. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

SEC. PAGE. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

FIRST PAGE. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are ¹⁰ the only prologues to a bad voice?

SEC. PAGE. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,

4 *a woman of the world*] a married woman. Cf. *Much Ado*, II, i, 287.

In *All's Well*, I, iii, 18, "To go to the world" means "to get married."

9 *clap into 't roundly*] strike up the song straight away. Cf. *Much Ado*, III, iv, 38: "Clap's into 'Light o' love.'"

14 *sc. 1. It was a lover, etc.*] The music of this song is found with the words in a volume of MS. music in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, which seems to date from the early part of the seventeenth century.

17 *ring time*] The Folios read *rang time*, for which the Edinburgh MS. of the song substitutes *ring time*, i. e., wedding time, which is obviously right.

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye, 20
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime 30
In spring time, &c.

TOUCH. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

FIRST PAGE. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

20 *Between the acres of the rye*] The reference seems to be to balks or banks of unploughed turf which, in the common-field system of agriculture prevailing in Elizabethan England, divided the acre strips of land from one another.

33 *untuneable*] This is the reading of the Folios, for which Theobald substituted *untimeable*. The change seems hardly necessary. "Out of *tune*" and "out of *time*" meant precisely the same thing.

TOUCH. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV—THE FOREST

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAKUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER,
and CELIA

DUKE S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORL. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE

ROS. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with
her.

ROS. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

ORL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

ROS. You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing?

37 *God buy you*] God be with you. Cf. III, ii, 242, and note.

4 *fear, they hope, and know they fear*] This, the original reading, has been often questioned, but no satisfactory substitute has been suggested. Orlando seeks to express the extremity of his perplexity between hope and fear; he would seem to compare his lot with those who have grave misgivings about what they hope, and their only sure knowledge is that they have misgivings.

PHE. That will I, should I die the hour after.

•ROS. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHE. So is the bargain.

ROS. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will?

•SIL. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROS. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: 20
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

DUKE S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORL. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter: 30
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

JAQ. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these
couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of

35 *toward*] imminent. Cf. *Hamlet*, V, ii, 356-357: "O proud death,
What feast is *toward* in thine eternal cell."

very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQ. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears. ⁴⁰

TOUCH. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQ. And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCH. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JAQ. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow. ⁵⁰

DUKE S. I like him very well.

TOUCH. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copula-

⁴⁹ *seventh cause*] This is explained at line 65, *infra*, as "a lie seven times removed." The duel ordinarily was caused by a quarrel in which one man gave the other the lie. Touchstone distinguishes, *infra*, seven modes in which a lie may be given, ranging from the "Retort Courteous" to the "Lie Direct." Shakespeare drew very literally this account of such gradations of the lie from the popular handbook on the subject of fencing and duelling by Vincent Saviolo, an Italian fencing master of London, whose work, called "Vincenzio Saviolo his Practise," was published in 1595.

⁵³ *God 'ild you*] God reward you. See note on III, iii, 65, *supra*.

I desire you of the like] I desire of you the like. For the construction cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, III, i, 168: "I shall desire you of more acquaintance."

tives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

DUKE S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious. ⁶⁰

TOUCH. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQ. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCH. Upon a lie seven times removed: — bear your body more seeming, Audrey: — as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again "it was not well cut," he would send ⁷⁰ me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again "it was not well cut," he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again "it was not well cut," he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

62 *dulcet diseases*] Probably this is intentional nonsense with some such suggestion as "charming disagreeablenesses." Johnson too seriously proposed to read *discourses* for *diseases*.

66 *dislike*] The word is often used, as here, not merely for entertaining, but also for expressing, dislike. Cf. *Meas.* for *Meas.*, I, ii, 17: "I never heard any soldier *dislike* it."

JAQ. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

TOUCH. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

JAQ. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCH. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, "If you said so, then I said so"; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

JAQ. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

DUKE S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

85 *by the book*] An allusion probably to the book by Saviolo mentioned in note on line 49, *supra*.

86 *books of good manners*] There were many such. Cf. Hugh Rhodes' *Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners* (1550?), and Sir Thomas Hoby's *The Courtyer* (1561).

100 *stalking-horse*] Cf. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 25: "One underneath his horse to get a shoot doth stalk."

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA

Still Music

HYM. Then is there mirth in heaven,
 When earthly things made even
 Atone together.
 Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
 Hymen from heaven brought her,
 Yea, brought her hither,
 That thou mightst join her hand with his .
 Whose heart within his bosom is.

ROS. To you I give myself, for I am yours. 110
 To you I give myself, for I am yours.

DUKE S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

ORL. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

PHE. If sight and shape be true,
 Why then, my love adieu!

ROS. I'll have no father, if you be not he:
 I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
 Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

HYM. Peace, ho! I bar confusion: 120
 'T is I must make conclusion
 Of these most strange events:
 Here 's eight that must take hands
 To join in Hymen's bands,
 If truth holds true contents.

108 *her hand*] This is the reading of the Third and Fourth Folios.
 The First and Second Folios read *his hand*, obviously in error.

You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather. 130
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town! 140

DUKE S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

PHE. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS

JAQ. DE B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

145 *Jaques de Boys*] See note on I, i, 4.

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot, 150
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

DUKE S. Welcome, young man; 160
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity, 170
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

JAQ. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,

158 *them*] This is Rowe's correction of the original reading *him*.

167 *shrewd*] evil, disastrous. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, III, ii, 246: "There are some *shrewd* contents in yon same paper."

The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

JAC. DE B. He hath.

JAC. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honour I bequeath; 180

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

[*To Ors.*] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:

[*To Oli.*] You to your land, and love, and great allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving
voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE S. Stay, Jaques, stay. |

JAC. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.* 190

DUKE S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

EPILOGUE

ROS. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 't is true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you¹⁰ bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, — as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them, — that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

3 *bush*] It was customary for tavern-keepers and vintners to hang a bush of holly or ivy outside their houses, usually attached to the signboard.

15 *If I were a woman*] The part of Rosalind, according to the practice of the Elizabethan stage, was played by a boy.

